

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

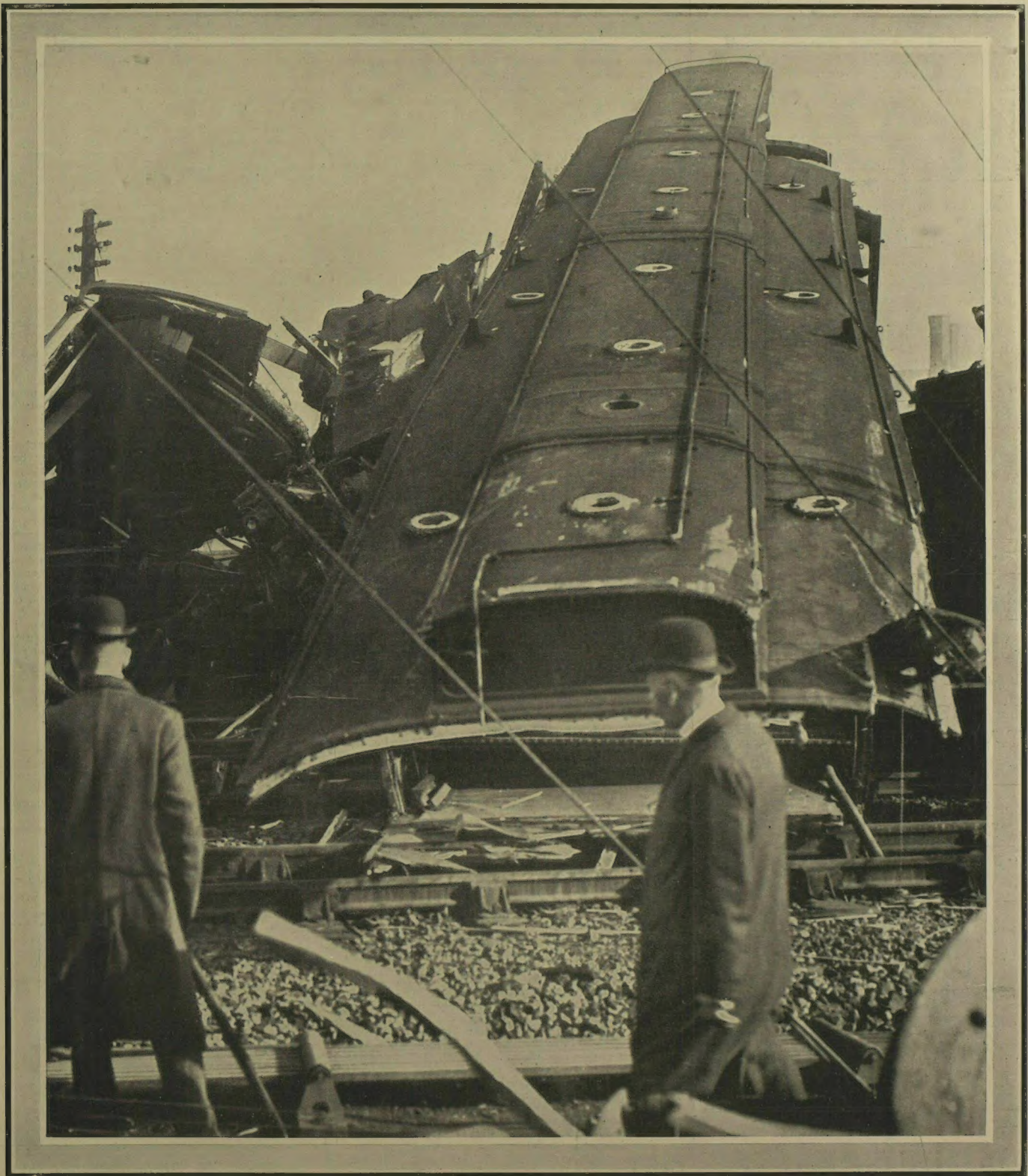
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SIXPENCE.

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A MOUNTAIN OF DÉBRIS: THE EXTRAORDINARY PILING-UP OF THE MAIL-VAN AND A GREAT WESTERN COACH
IN THE SHREWSBURY RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

The photograph shows the roof of the Great Western coach which was piled up on the top of the engine when the train left the rails. The carriages were flung one on top of the other in inextricable confusion. The tangled mass of wreckage on the left is the remains of the mail-van, in which the sorters were at work when the accident happened. Four of the sorters and two postal clerks were among the killed. The train was made up of nineteen vehicles, partly belonging to the Great Western Railway and partly to the London and North Western. All the coaches were of the most substantial build, and yet they were reduced to matchwood and scrap iron. The carriage of which the roof is shown was a corridor. From it two ladies escaped alive.

Nineteen persons were killed and at least forty-two were injured. Further particulars are given on other pages.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL PRESS.]

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THE GREAT RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

SHREWSBURY railway-station was the scene of a terrible railway accident in the small hours of Tuesday morning. At 1.20 a.m., or thereabouts, an express train from the North to the West of England left Crewe Junction, and when rounding a curve just outside Shrewsbury some three-quarters of an hour later the engine left the rails and fell on its side. Many of the coaches followed, to be telescoped and piled one upon the other in hopeless wreck. Nineteen people were killed, and more than forty injured, many of them severely. Great damage was done to the permanent way, and traffic had to be diverted for some hours while the line was being cleared. At present, of course, it is difficult to deal with the causes of the disaster without the risk of doing injustice to the dead driver of the train, but according to schedule time the "North and West Express," as it is called, should travel from Crewe to Shrewsbury in forty-five minutes, and the distance is thirty miles. It is clear that the train was slightly behind its time, for the accident occurred at 2.7 a.m., and on this account it is to be feared that the driver had put on speed at a point where it should have been very considerably reduced. The regulations require the pace to be reduced to ten miles an hour at the dangerous curve where the accident occurred, but it would seem from the evidence of passengers that this regulation must have been ignored. The real reason for this will never be known, for driver, fireman, and front guard are among the dead. A guard in the rear of the train realised that the pace was far too great, and a few moments before the accident took place tried to apply the vacuum brake, only to find that it had been put on already, too late to save the train. Of course an inquiry will be opened, and until the circumstances attending the disaster have been investigated carefully and the evidence of the surviving guard has been sifted, further comment is unwise and even unfair. We only know at the moment that the regulations that make for the safety of trains entering Shrewsbury station were disregarded and that the result has been disastrous.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"IRENE WYCHERLEY" AT THE KINGSWAY.

IT is pleasant to be able to congratulate Miss Lena Ashwell upon the success which has attended her opening venture at the little house in Great Queen Street, which she has made so attractive and cosy under its new name of the Kingsway Theatre. Miss Ashwell has had the luck to discover a young dramatist who, in his very first play, exhibits an admirable grasp of stage technique and a capacity for treating a theme of sex-interest with directness and sincerity; and, in his turn, Mr. Anthony Wharton has furnished his actress with a part which allows her more scope than any she has hitherto had for the expression of her appealing personality. In characters representing women of the yearning but self-repressed type—women, that is to say, balked of an outlet for their emotions, yet eager for surrender to love—Miss Ashwell has long held a unique position on our stage, but it has been reserved for the title-role of "Irene Wycherley" to show her art in its most intense and sublimated form. It is not a comfortable story, it will be seen, for which Mr. Wharton asks attention; indeed, the house-party into the society of which the heroine is dragged contains some particularly ugly types of humanity. For, not to speak of the host himself, among the guests Irene finds her husband's mistress and that lady's husband—a man prepared to avenge his wrongs, if actually proved, by murder. Irene has long separated herself from Mr. Wycherley by reason of his ferocity of temper and other vices, but is induced to return and nurse him, because he has been blinded in what has seemed, but is not, a shooting accident. Her ordering of her rival out of the house is followed by the sound of two revolver-shots—the avenger has killed her husband and himself. A play with such a story must necessarily be violent in tone; and Mr. McKinnel, wonderfully impressive though he is as the husband, increases the impression of violence by his rather too melodramatic outbursts. But, violent or not, Mr. Wharton's drama is a remarkable achievement for a young man—remarkable no less for the naturalness and wit of its dialogue than for the neat development of its plot.

"THE BARRIER" AT THE COMEDY.

Even at the production of his "Walls of Jericho"—it was plain that a fondness for rhetoric was going to be the besetting sin of Mr. Sutro as a dramatist; but up to now this author of great expectations has in the main preserved the actions, if not the speeches, of his characters from the taint of romanticism. But his new drama, "The Barrier," is not merely disfigured by pompous uncolloquial dialogue, but it also sets sound sense at defiance; its figures are for ever indulging in the most romantic and irrational behaviour. Its actress-heroine—a lady whom an African millionaire had once "treated badly"—has risen so high professionally and socially that she has become engaged to a Duke's younger son; and yet she, to "save" her sweetheart's sister from being forced to marry this same millionaire, exposes the whole story of her past before her fiancé and his family. Now it is an absurd supposition that any girl would be compelled to accept a man whom she loathed with such horror as Mr. Sutro's Lady Alma loathes Mr. Marillier, and therefore the motive which prompts the heroine's action is totally inadequate. Then, too, we have a Duke with a passion for birds, who is quite willing to overlook the early indiscretion of his son's future wife; and, again, we have a draper millionaire, whose daughter is married to the Duke's elder son and rules the household with puritanical rigour, prepared himself to burn the mortgages he holds on the ducal estates merely out of personal affection for their owner. In short, there is such an atmosphere of insincerity

about the whole play that it seems more like a penny novelette than a faithful representation of life. In his final act Mr. Sutro at length strikes a natural note when he shows his heroine discovering the sense of disillusionment which her lover tries to hide over the knowledge of her frailty, but the change comes too late in the play to make us care about the actress's future, or trouble as to whether she marries, or does not marry, the faithful lover from whom she expects sympathy in her disappointment.

"THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE" AT THE SAVOY.

That burlesque melodrama of Mr. Bernard Shaw's, "The Devil's Disciple," in which the Irish humourist travesties the popular play of the military type and pokes fun at the British officer, British soldier, and British Army generally, has just been staged for a six weeks' run at the Savoy Theatre, and should now obtain from a public educated in the Shavian point of view that appreciation which has long been its desert. Last Monday night's audience did not worry itself over the anachronisms put into the mouth of General Burgoyne; it delighted in the picturesque darddevily of Mr. Shaw's rebel hero, Richard Dudgeon; it enjoyed the mock court-martial and mock execution scenes, and it seemed to relish to the full the playwright's parody of all our stock romantic and sentimental situations. Mr. Matheson Lang, looking wonderfully handsome, caught just the right flamboyant manner for the hero. Mr. Granville Barker with his suave tones realised, no doubt, the author's conception of General Burgoyne as a refined man of the world, but a disillusioned soldier. Miss Wynne-Matthison, whose face shows such strength of character, accomplished a *tour-de-force* by subduing herself to an expression of the timidity and romanticism of the pastor's wife who so entirely misunderstands her husband; and Mr. C. Rann Kennedy carries out well his conception of the parson who had a military vocation as an elderly man rather paternal in his relations to his wife. Lastly, the famous Miss Bateman applies the methods of the old school with excellent result to the rôle of the hero's pious but malevolent mother. Mr. Shaw could hardly hope for a better cast than that which he is given at the Savoy.

"THE MOLLUSC" AT THE CRITERION.

To make a full three-act play out of no more than four characters requires some contriving, but Mr. Herbert Henry Davies has accomplished the task in his new Criterion comedy, "The Mollusc." What is more, he has managed to keep perpetually flowing a stream of conversation which is wholly colloquial and natural, is germane to such action as the subject admits of, and is consistently illustrative of character and amusing. How the trick is done its very hearers will find it difficult to say at the play's close; save that Mr. Davies relies almost entirely on his portraiture of a particular woman—a woman with what seems an incurable instinct for getting other people to wait on her and sparing herself the very smallest exertion. She is the "mollusc," the creature who never cares to move from her moorings, and resists passively, but effectually, every attempt to make her move, a wife who imposes a tyranny of service on her husband and requires all sorts of attention, even the most menial, from her young girl companion. Miss Mary Moore's is the triumph of the occasion. Her heroine's self-complacency and blissful unconsciousness of her selfishness and indolence is the perfection of light comedy. Mr. Sam Sothern is just Mrs. Baxter's meek husband, with occasional fits of passive rebellion, and does not try to be more. Miss Elaine Inescort makes a charming ingénue; and Sir Charles Wyndham, with his air of authority, his finely pointed elocution, and his masterful methods of courtship, does wonders with the part of Mrs. Baxter's breezy brother.

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 22, at 8.30 p.m. a concert will be held at the Aeolian Hall in aid of the National Society of Day Nurseries. The artists will be Madame Fischer Sobell, Miss Bertha Scholefield, Miss Irene Ainsley, and Józsa Sziget. The concert is under the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Christian.

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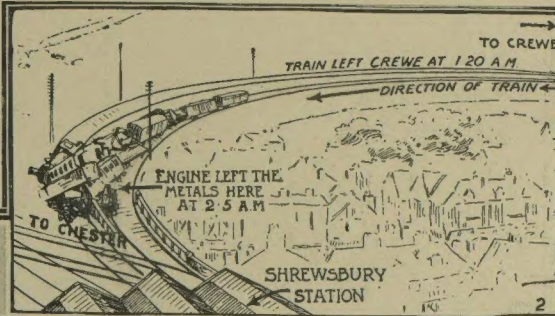
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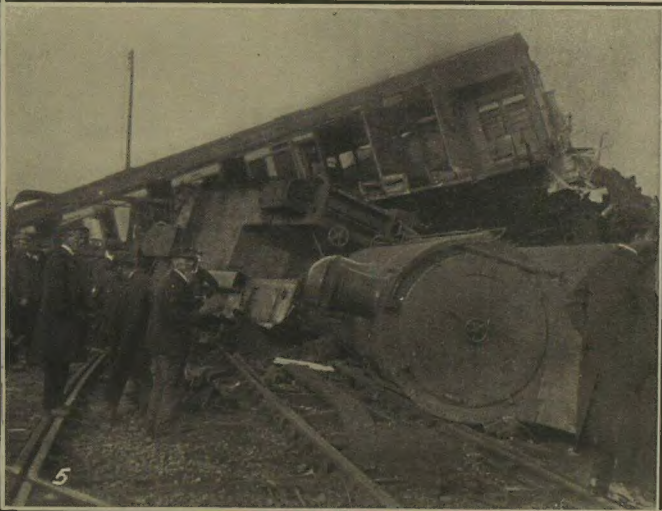
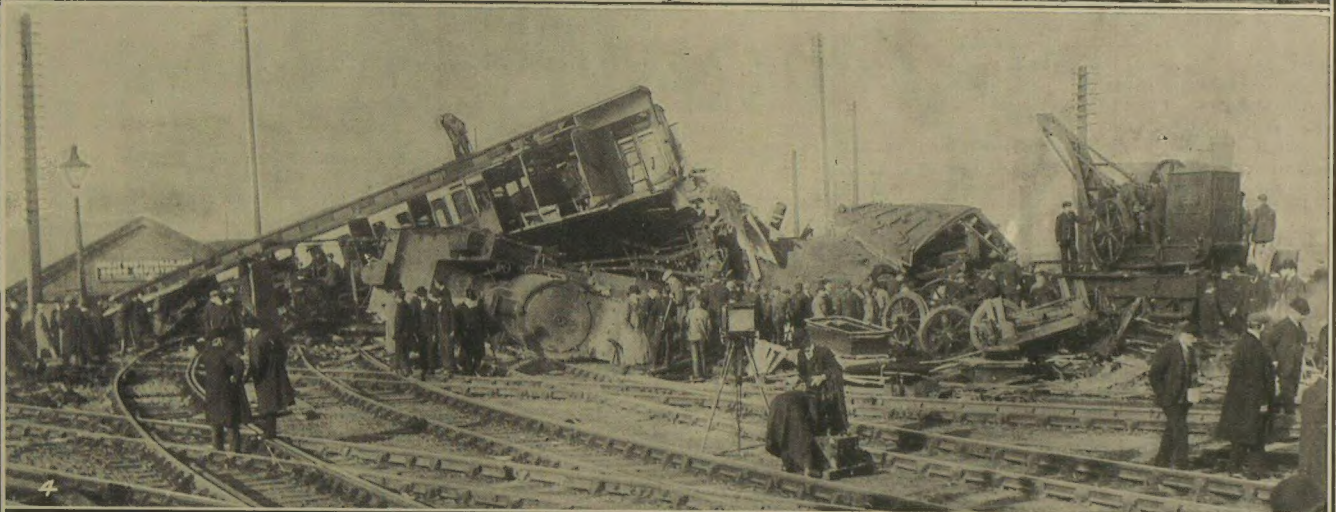
HOW THE SHREWSBURY RAILWAY DISASTER HAPPENED.

GREAT RAILWAY DISASTERS
OF THE CENTURY.

1903.—July 15.—Train left rails at Waterloo Station, Liverpool; seven deaths, 116 injured.
 1903.—July 27.—Excursion train dashed into buffers at St. Enoch's, Glasgow; sixteen deaths, over thirty injured.
 1904.—Oct. 3.—Portion of Great Western express left rails at Loughor; four deaths, fifty injured.
 1905.—July 27.—Collision on Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, at Hall Road; twenty-three deaths.

GREAT RAILWAY DISASTERS
OF THE CENTURY.

1905.—Sept. 1.—Cromer express accident at Witham; ten deaths, forty injured.
 1906.—July 1.—American boat train wrecked at Salisbury; twenty-eight deaths.
 1906.—Sept. 13.—Great Northern express left rails at Grantham; fourteen deaths, seventeen injured.
 1906.—Dec. 28.—Arbroath collision; twenty-two deaths, including that of Mr. Black, M.P. for Banff; many injured.



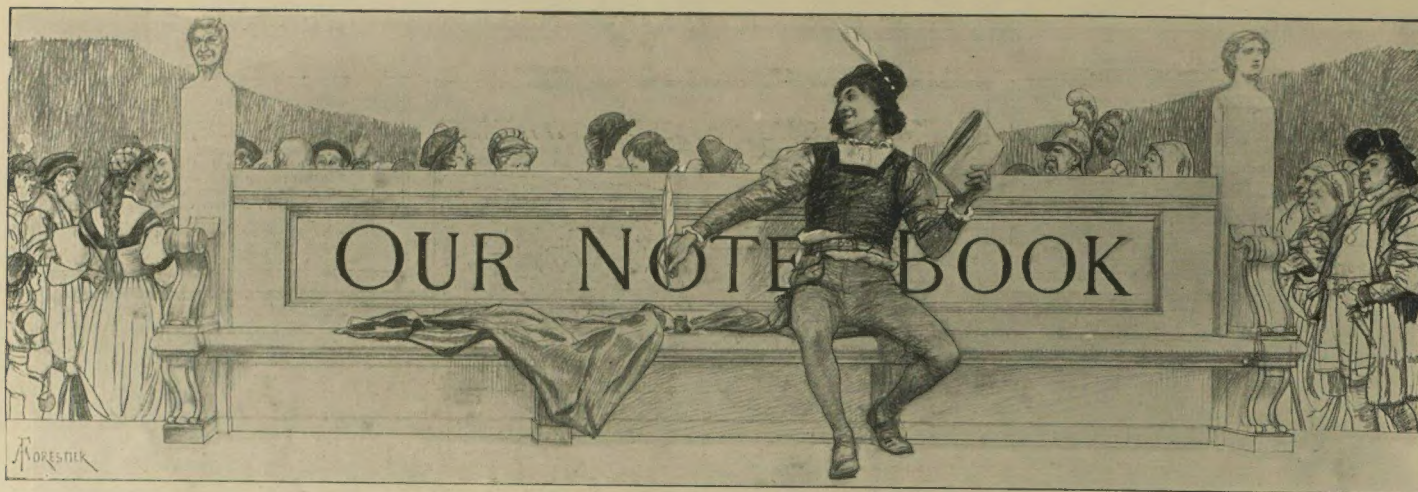
1. THE LAST POINT OF SAFETY: THE RAILS (MARKED WITH A DOTTED LINE) ON WHICH THE TRAIN WAS RUNNING JUST BEFORE IT TOOK THE FATAL CURVE. BEYOND, ON THE LEFT, SHREWSBURY STATION AND THE WRECKAGE.
2. DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW OF THE ACCIDENT: THE POINTS JUST OUTSIDE THE RAILWAY-STATION. (MAP REPRODUCED BY THE COURTESY OF THE "DAILY MAIL.")

3. THE LINES THE TRAIN NEVER REACHED (MARKED WITH DOTTED CHAIN). THE WRECKAGE JUST BEYOND THE PARAPET.
4. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DISASTER: THE TILTED GREAT WESTERN CORRIDOR-COACH; THE OVERTURNED ENGINE AND TENDER. TO THE RIGHT THE WRECKAGE OF THE MAIL-VAN. AT THE EXTREME RIGHT THE BREAKDOWN DERRICK AT WORK.

5. HOW THE ENGINE WAS FLUNG ACROSS THE RAILS AND RECEIVED THE PILED-UP WRECKAGE OF THE REST OF THE TRAIN.
6. THE ENTANGLEMENT OF DEATH: DÉBRIS OF THE MAIL-VAN IN WHICH SIX POST-OFFICE OFFICIALS WERE KILLED, AND THE SMASHED GREAT WESTERN CORRIDOR-CAR.

The two pictures and the diagram at the top of the page show the curve and network of points just outside Shrewsbury Station where the train was wrecked. For some reason that will never be known, as the driver and fireman are both dead, the train, which usually approaches Shrewsbury at ten miles an hour, dashed past two danger signals at a mile a minute. The engine leaped the curve, fell over, and immediately the whole train was dashed to pieces behind it.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1, 4, AND 6, BY TOPICAL PRESS, NO. 3 BY BOLAK, NO. 5 BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE has appeared in our time a particular class of books and articles which I sincerely and solemnly think may be called the silliest ever known among men. They are much more wild than the wildest romances of chivalry and much more dull than the dullest religious tract. Moreover, the romances of chivalry were at least about chivalry; the religious tracts are about religion. But these things are about nothing; they are about what is called Success. On every bookstall, in every magazine you may find works telling people how to succeed. They are books showing men how to succeed in everything; they are written by men who cannot even succeed in writing books. To begin with, of course, there is no such thing as Success. Or, if you like to put it so, there is nothing that is not successful. That a thing is successful merely means that it is; a millionaire is successful in being a millionaire and a donkey in being a donkey. Any live man has succeeded in living; any dead man may have succeeded in committing suicide. But, passing over the bad logic and bad philosophy in the phrase, we may take it, as these writers do, in the ordinary sense of success in obtaining money or worldly position. These writers profess to tell the ordinary man how he may succeed in his trade or speculation—how, if he is a builder, he may succeed as a builder; how, if he is a stockbroker, he may succeed as a stockbroker. They profess to show him how, if he is a grocer, he may become a sporting yachtsman; how, if he is a tenth-rate journalist, he may become a peer; and how, if he is a German Jew, he may become an Anglo-Saxon. This is a definite and business-like proposal, and I really think that the people who buy these books (if any people do buy them) have a moral, if not a legal, right to ask for their money back. Nobody would dare to publish a book about electricity which literally told one nothing about electricity; no one would dare to publish an article on botany which showed that the writer did not know which end of a plant grew in the earth. Yet our modern world is full of books about Success and successful people which literally contain no kind of idea, and scarcely any kind of verbal sense.

It is perfectly obvious that in any decent occupation (such as bricklaying or writing books) there are only two ways (in any special sense) of succeeding. One is by doing very good work, the other is by cheating. Both are much too simple to require any literary explanation. If you are in for the high jump, either jump higher than anyone else, or manage somehow to pretend that you have done so. If you want to succeed at whist, either be a good whist-player, or play with marked cards. You may want a book about jumping; you may want a book about whist; you may want a book about cheating at whist. But you cannot want a book about Success. Especially you cannot want a book about Success such as those which you can now find scattered by the hundred about the book-market. You may want to jump or to play cards; but you do not want to read wandering statements to the effect that jumping is jumping, or that games are won by winners. If these writers, for instance, said anything about success in jumping it would be something like this: "The jumper must have a clear aim before him. He must desire definitely to jump higher than the other men who are in for the same competition. He must let no maudlin feelings of mercy (sneaked from the sickening Little Englanders and Pro-Boers) prevent him from trying to do his best. He must remember that a competition in jumping is distinctly competitive, and that, as Darwin has gloriously demonstrated, THE WEAKEST GO TO THE WALL." That is the kind of thing the book would say, and very useful it would be, no doubt, if read out in a low and tense voice to a young

man just about to take the high jump. Or suppose that in the course of his intellectual rambles the philosopher of Success dropped upon our other case, that of playing cards, his bracing advice would run—"In playing cards it is very necessary to avoid the mistake (commonly made by maudlin humanitarians and Free Traders) of permitting your opponent to win the game. You must have grit and snap and go in to win. The days of idealism and superstition are over. We live in a time of science and hard common-sense, and it has now been definitely proved that in any game where two are playing IF ONE DOES NOT WIN THE OTHER WILL." It is all very stirring, of course; but I confess that if I were playing cards I would rather have some decent little book which told me the rules of the game. Beyond the rules of the game it is all a question either of talent or dishonesty; and I will undertake to provide either one or the other—which, it is not for me to say.

Turning over a popular magazine, I find a queer and amusing example. There is an article called "The Instinct that Makes People Rich." It is decorated in front with a formidable portrait of Lord Rothschild. There are many definite methods, honest and dishonest, which make people rich; the only instinct I know of as doing it is that instinct which theological Christianity crudely describes as "the sin of avarice." That, however, is beside the present point. I wish to quote the following exquisite paragraphs as a piece of typical advice as to how to succeed. It is so practical; it leaves so little doubt about what should be our next step—

The name of Vanderbilt is synonymous with wealth gained by modern enterprise. "Cornelius," the founder of the family, was the first of the great American magnates of commerce. He started as the son of a poor farmer; he ended as a millionaire twenty times over.

He had the money-making instinct. He seized his opportunities, the opportunities that were given by the application of the steam-engine to ocean traffic, and by the birth of railway locomotion in the wealthy but undeveloped United States of America, and consequently he amassed an immense fortune.

Now it is, of course, obvious that we cannot all follow exactly in the footsteps of this great railway monarch. The precise opportunities that fell to him do not occur to us. Circumstances have changed. But although this is so, still, in our own sphere and in our own circumstances, we can follow his general methods; we can seize those opportunities that are given us, and give ourselves a very fair chance of attaining riches.

In such strange utterances we see quite clearly what is really at the bottom of all these articles and books. It is not mere business; it is not even mere cynicism. It is mysticism; the horrible mysticism of money. The writer of that passage did not really have the remotest notion of how Vanderbilt made his money, or of how anybody else is to make his. He does, indeed, conclude his remarks by advocating some scheme; but it has nothing in the world to do with Vanderbilt. He merely wished to prostrate himself before the mystery of a millionaire. For when we really worship anything, we love not only its clearness but its obscurity. We exult in its very invisibility. Thus, for instance, when a man is in love with a woman he takes special pleasure in the fact that a woman is unreasonable. Thus, again, the very pious poet, celebrating his Creator, takes pleasure in saying that God moves in a mysterious way. Now, the writer of the paragraph which I have quoted does not seem to have had anything to do with a god, and I should not think (judging by his extreme impracticality) that he had ever been really in love with a woman. But the thing he does worship—Vanderbilt—he treats in exactly this mystical

manner. He really revels in the fact his deity Vanderbilt is keeping a secret from him. And it fills his soul with a sort of transport of cunning, an ecstasy of priestcraft, that he should pretend to be telling to the multitude that terrible secret which he does not know.

Speaking about the instinct that makes people rich, the same writer remarks—

In olden days its existence was fully understood. The Greeks enshrined it in the story of Midas, of the "Golden Touch." Here was a man who turned everything he laid his hands upon into gold. His life was a progress amidst riches. Out of everything that came in his way he created the precious metal. "A foolish legend," said the wisecracks of the Victorian age. "A truth," say we of to-day. We all know of such men. We are ever meeting or reading about such persons who turn everything they touch into gold. Success dogs their very footsteps. Their life's pathway leads unerringly upwards. They cannot fail.

Unfortunately, however, Midas could fail; he did. His path did not lead unerringly upward. He starved because whenever he touched a biscuit or a ham sandwich it turned to gold. That was the whole point of the story, though the writer has to suppress it delicately, writing so near to a portrait of Lord Rothschild. The old fables of mankind are, indeed, unfathomably wise; but we must not have them expurgated in the interests of Mr. Vanderbilt. We must not have King Midas represented as an example of success; he was a failure of an unusually painful kind. Also, he had the ears of an ass. Also (like most other prominent and wealthy persons) he endeavoured to conceal the fact. It was his barber (if I remember right) who had to be treated on a confidential footing with regard to this peculiarity; and his barber, instead of behaving like a go-ahead person of the Succeed-at-all-costs school and trying to blackmail King Midas, went away and whispered this splendid piece of society scandal to the reeds, who enjoyed it enormously. It is said that they also whispered it as the winds swayed them too and fro. I look reverently at the portrait of Lord Rothschild; I read reverently about the exploits of Mr. Vanderbilt. I know that I cannot turn everything I touch to gold; but then I also know that I have never tried, having a preference for other substances, such as grass, and good wine. I know that these people have certainly succeeded in something; that they have certainly overcome somebody; I know that they are kings in a sense that no men were ever kings before; that they create markets and bestride continents. Yet it always seems to me that there is some small domestic fact that they are hiding, and I have sometimes thought I heard upon the wind the laughter and whisper of the reeds.

At least, let us hope that we shall all live to see these absurd books about Success covered with a proper derision and neglect. They do not teach people to be successful, but they do teach people to be snobbish; they do spread a sort of evil poetry of worldliness. The Puritans are always denouncing books that inflame lust; what shall we say of books that inflame the viler passions of avarice and pride? A hundred years ago we had the ideal of the Industrious Apprentice; boys were told that by thrift and work they would all become Lord Mayors. This was fallacious, but it was manly, and had a minimum of moral truth. In our society, temperance will not help a poor man to enrich himself, but it may help him to respect himself. Good work will not make him a rich man, but good work may make him a good workman. The Industrious Apprentice rose by virtues few and narrow indeed, but still virtues. But what shall we say of the gospel preached to the new Industrious Apprentice?

THE APPALLING WRECKAGE IN THE SHREWSBURY RAILWAY DISASTER:
A CORRIDOR - TRAIN IN SPLINTERS.



THE FIRST CORRIDOR - CAR FLUNG ON THE TOP OF THE OVERTURNED ENGINE.

On the right of the picture is the débris of the tender, the running board of which is completely buckled up. Further to the right is the overturned boiler. Resting on the tender is a Great Western corridor-coach, in which many passengers were killed. Just beyond it are the remains of the mail-van, in which six post-office officials were killed. The corridor-car is an eight-wheeled vehicle, forty-eight feet long.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL PRESS.]

PORTRAITS AND WORLD'S NEWS.

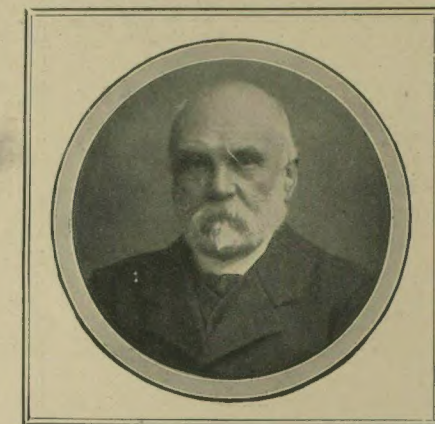
The King's Return.

After spending three weeks at his Highland residence and enjoying good weather and excellent sport, King Edward left Balmoral Castle at nine o'clock on Monday morning and motored to Ballater Station, accompanied by Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian Minister. Members of the suite followed in other cars. At the station, a guard of honour of the 2nd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders was mounted under the command of Major Ritchie. At Aberdeen, his Majesty received the Lord Provost, who, accompanied by the other magistrates of the city, met the train at Ferry Hill Junction. King Edward reached Euston on the stroke of ten, and was received at the station by Sir Frederick Harrison and other officials of the London and North-Western Railway. After thanking Sir Frederick for the excellent arrangements that had been made for his comfort, his Majesty took leave of the Norwegian Minister, and drove to Buckingham Palace. On Tuesday morning King Edward left for Newmarket to attend the races. It is understood that the King's holiday in the Highlands has been of great benefit to his health. The bad weather of late summer seems to have paved the way for a few weeks of autumn sunshine, that made sporting conditions most favourable, and open-air exercise enjoyable.

The Emperor of Austria.

Great uneasiness has been caused throughout Europe by the sudden indisposition of the aged Emperor of Austria. Indeed, for a few days the wildest

rumours were afloat. It must not be forgotten that Kaiser Franz Josef is now in his seventy-eighth year, that he has borne the burden of Empire since 1848, and that rather more than the ordinary share of trouble has fallen to his lot. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that his illness should rouse consternation among those who realise the terrible possibilities associated with the break-up of the Dual Empire. The best-informed correspondents tell us that the Emperor has been suffering from a severe attack of influenza, of a kind that has been prevalent in Vienna for many weeks past. The trouble is associated with a severe cough, which alarmed his Majesty's physicians. They have treated their patient with quinine, and at the time of writing it would seem that he has responded satisfactorily to the medicine. Unfortunately, the aged ruler's conscientious devotion to State duties has militated against his chances of making a rapid recovery, for even when the doctors wished him to suspend work altogether, he insisted upon receiving responsible Ministers and holding long conferences. On every side hopes are expressed that Kaiser Franz Josef will be spared to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of his rule.



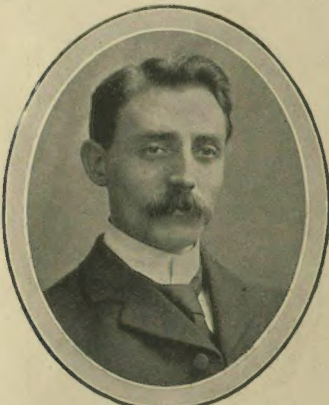
MR. A. N. WOLLASTON,

Registrar of the India Office, retiring after forty-eight years' service.

Sir Edward Walter Hamilton, G.C.B., K.C.B., G.C.V.O., who is about to retire from the public service in consequence of ill-health, has enjoyed a long and brilliant career. Born in 1847, and educated at Eton and at Christ Church Oxford, he entered the Treasury in 1870, and soon became Private Secretary to the Hon. Robert Low, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and then to Mr. Gladstone, whom he served for some six years. In 1885 Sir Edward became Principal Clerk to the Finance Division. In 1892 he was promoted Assistant Financial Secretary, becoming Assistant Secretary two years later, and Permanent Financial Secretary in 1902. Sir Edward, who holds the degree of Bachelor of Music, has placed several compositions to his credit, together with a work on the National Debt and a monograph on Mr. Gladstone.

Dr. Harry Crane Perrin, who has been appointed Professor of Music to the McGill University of Montreal, and Director of the Affiliated Conservatoire of the same city, has long been organist and choir-master at Canterbury Cathedral. Educated at Wellington Grammar School, Dr. Perrin studied music under Sir Robert Stewart, and took his degree of Doctor of Music and his F.R.C.O. at Trinity College, Dublin. He was organist of St. Colomba's College in that city some twenty years ago, and since then has served Lowestoft, Coventry, and Canterbury in a similar capacity. Dr. Perrin has published several cantatas and songs, and he is still a young man, with a big musical future before him.

Mr. Arthur Naylor Wollaston, C.I.E., who is retiring from the post of Registrar and



DR. H. C. PERRIN,

Appointed Professor of Music in the McGill University, Montreal.



HUNGARY'S HONOUR TO ITS LATE QUEEN: MEMORIAL STATUE TO QUEEN ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA, ERECTED BY THE HUNGARIANS IN SZEGEDIN.



SIR EDWARD HAMILTON,

Resigning the Joint Permanent Secretaryship to the Treasury.

Superintendent of Records at the India Office, was born sixty-five years ago, and entered the India Office by open competition in 1859. After twenty years' service he succeeded Sir F. J. Goldsmid as Examiner in Persian at the Royal Staff College, Sandhurst, and in 1881 was appointed to superintend the translation of Oriental inscriptions in South Kensington Museum. Mr. Wollaston, who has been decorated for Oriental scholarship, has written several works that claim the interest and attention of scholars.

Lord Rosebery on Queen Victoria.

On Saturday last Lord Rosebery visited Leith, to unveil a bronze statue of the late Queen Victoria, which has been erected by public subscription. It was one of the occasions that find the ex-Premier of the Liberal Party at the top of his form. At the unveiling ceremony, in the course of a brief speech, he spoke of the late ruler of these islands as "a true Queen of Scots," and at the banquet following the ceremony he remarked that Queen Victoria was the first Sovereign of Great Britain since the time of Charles I. who really had a home in Scotland. Queen Victoria, said Lord Rosebery, was not merely the Queen, but was the mother of the nation. When she succeeded to the crown the force and tradition of monarchy had suffered a decline in this country, but she made her kingship, her leadership, and her guidance an increasing power for good. Her reign witnessed the establishment of a new relation of personal affection and allegiance to the wearer of the British crown; its upward path had been marked by moral, social, and intellectual developments of the first order. In drawing his speech to a close Lord Rosebery referred to King Edward's rule, and declared that, without overstepping the limits of the Constitution, his Majesty has rendered



THE LATE LORD SAYE AND SELE.

Army in 1879, when he saw service in the Zulu War, and obtained the medal with clasps. He is in the Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Portraits.

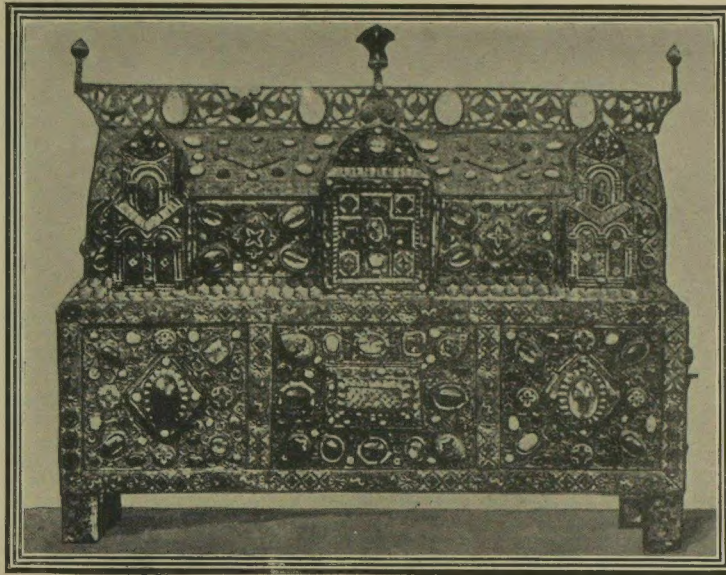
John Fiennes Twisleton Wykeham-Fiennes, Lord Saye and Sele, fourteenth Baron, who died last week, was the twenty-first in descent from Geoffrey de Saye, one of the Barons entrusted with the task of compelling King John to sign Magna Charta. He was born in February 1830, and educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford. In 1856 he married Lady Augusta Hay, the daughter of the tenth Earl of Kinnoull, and succeeded to the title in 1887. Lord Saye and Sele, who was the owner of some seven thousand



ANTOINE THOMAS: THE PRINCIPAL ACCUSED.

enormous service to his country and to the cause of peace all the world over. In the inevitable march of events Edward the Pacificator has followed Victoria the Good.

The Railway Trouble. On Tuesday morning the reply of the Council of the Railway Association to the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants was published in the Press; it had been received by Mr. Bell, Secretary of the A.S.R.S., on the previous day. It will be remembered that the letter was sent in response to a request that representatives of the Railway Companies' Association should meet an equal number of representatives of the A.S.R.S. to discuss the question of "recognition." The Association has replied that it cannot accede to the suggestion, because it has no power to take action in a matter affecting the relations between each individual company and its own staff. Consequently, even if it could come to any decision, such decision would not bind its members. In an individual capacity the members of the Council are of opinion that the conference Mr. Bell desires could have no educational value, because the directors of the Railway Company understand

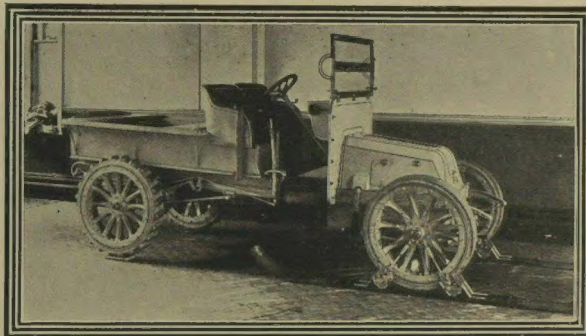


THE STOLEN RELIQUARY OF AMBAZAC, VALUED AT £8000.

THE GREAT CRIME SYNDICATE IN FRANCE: THE ACCUSED AND PART OF THEIR BOOTY.

The existence of an extraordinary syndicate organised to rob churches, chateaux, and museums throughout Europe was revealed last week by the arrest of a woman named Thomas and her son, François, at Clermont-Ferrand on the charge of stealing a historic cope from the church of Blanzac. Immediately after the arrest Mme. Thomas's elder son Antoine surrendered to the police. He was "wanted" by the authorities in London, where he was known to have come in order to dispose of a beautiful gem-studded reliquary valued at £8000, which had been stolen from the church of Ambazac. Thomas is accused of many other depredations, among them the theft of the crown of St. Michel, and is said to have been concerned in a plot to rifle the abbey of Conques, the treasures of which are valued at £80,000. The existence of a gang of wealthy dealers in stolen objects of art has been suspected for some time past.

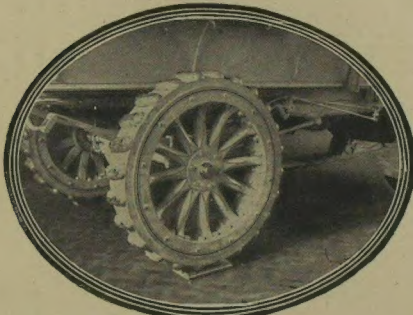
Photographs by Hamilton.



THE MOTOR-CAR FOR THE SOUTH POLE.

TO THE SOUTH POLE BY MOTOR CAR: THE ARROL-JOHNSTON CAR FOR THE LATEST ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The Arrol-Johnston ice motor-car that has been made for Lieutenant Shackleton's Antarctic expedition has a 12-15 h.p. air-cooled engine. A pipe from the exhaust goes under the footboard and acts as a foot-warmer, and also passes through a small tank, for the purpose of melting snow for the explorers' use. The back wheels are shod with round bars of iron to grip the snow, and when the surface is hard and slippery, spikes can be screwed in for the purpose, and so give extra hold to the wheels. The front wheels have solid rubber tyres and are mounted on runners. The engine is without water-jackets, as in the Antarctic temperature it is impossible to use water.

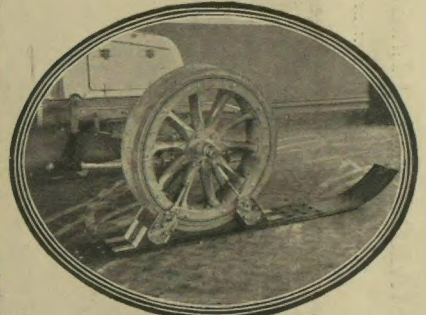


HOW THE BACK WHEELS GRIP THE ICE: THE STUDS FOR SPIKES.

his attitude without explanation. The action of the Railway Companies' Association amounts, of course, to a distinct and deliberate defiance of the trade union. We have no wish to deal in this place with the ethics of the case, for the issues between Capital and Labour are too vast for adequate consideration here.

Suffice it to remark that the question between the companies and their servants is being watched with close interest by the President of the Board of Trade, who has power to step in to avert some of the evils that would follow the disorganisation of our railway service.

only console themselves in the thought that their religious observances enabled them to devote the entire day to a fruitless search for recognition. It is said that they will go next to Berlin and Rome, but it is hardly likely that they will secure a better reception in either city.



HOW THE RUNNERS ARE FIXED TO THE FRONT WHEELS.



WHERE THE KING STAYS AT NEWMARKET: THE JOCKEY CLUB.

Newmarket, where the King has gone for the First October Meeting, was formerly a hunting-seat of James I. The Jockey Club rooms, where the King stays during his visit to Newmarket, are commodious and elegant buildings in the centre of the town.



WHALING FOR FUN: AN INEXPENSIVE AMUSEMENT AT CAPE TOWN.

Thousands of pounds are spent every year fitting out whalers in Scotland. In Cape Town people spend a few shillings on boat-hire and go to kill whales in the surf of False Bay. The monster in the photograph was killed there a few weeks ago. Fishermen stalked and killed it. Kalfirs seized its flesh for food.

THE WESTWARD MARCH OF PLAGUE: THE PESTILENCE REACHES ADEN.

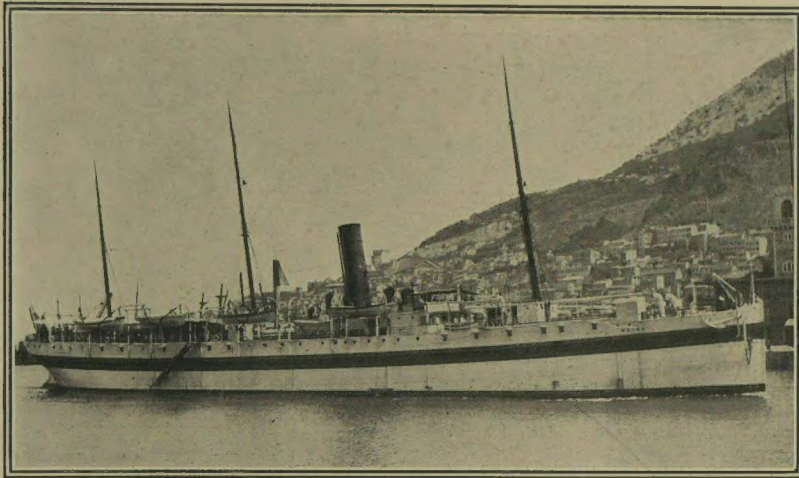
DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER.



THE FUNERAL OF A YOUNG SOMALI WOMAN, A VICTIM OF THE PLAGUE, AT ADEN.

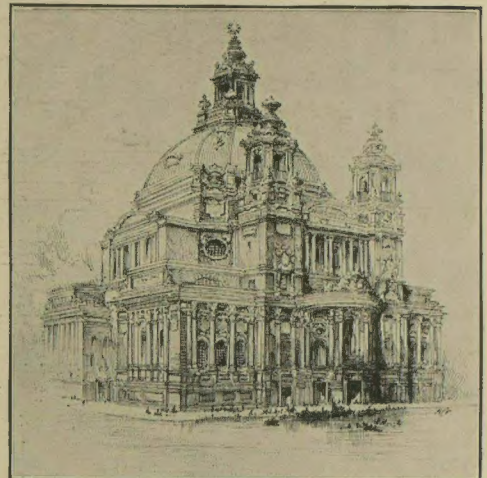
Owing to its climate, Aden is peculiarly liable to outbreaks of epidemic diseases, and plague is always lurking there. At the present moment the deaths amount to about fifteen a day. Our Artist witnessed the funeral of a Somali girl. The open coffin, ornamented with shells, was borne by relations and friends of the dead. Without order, without apparent sadness, and chanting strange dirges, the mourners passed through streets crowded with the strangely mixed population of Aden—Arabs, Somalis, Jews, Parsees, and many other races, who showed the indifference of fatalists to the terror that walked in their midst.

A SURVEY AND AN EXPOSURE: THINGS OF THE MOMENT.



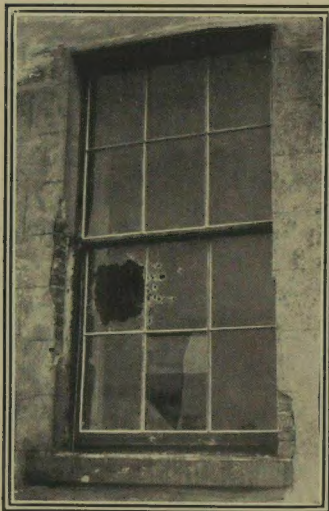
REALISM IN THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: THE FAMOUS HOSPITAL-SHIP, H.M.S. "MAINE," ORDERED TO FOLLOW THE FLEET.

During the present great Naval Manœuvres Lord Charles Beresford is to have everything as realistic as possible. He has ordered the hospital-ship "Maine" to follow the fleet in order to pick up the "dead and wounded." The "Maine" is the famous ship that did such good work in the South African War.



TO REPLACE THE OLD AQUARIUM: THE WESLEYAN METHODIST HEADQUARTERS.

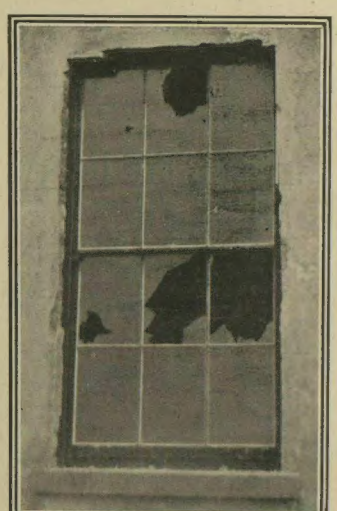
The splendid building which is to form the central institute of the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion is now rising on the site of the old Aquarium at Westminster. The cost is £150,000.



MARKS OF THE FUSILLADE.



THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE AFTER THE FIRING.



THE DAMAGE TO A WINDOW.

CAPTAIN MOONLIGHT ACTIVE AGAIN IN IRELAND: A LITTLE-KNOWN OUTRAGE.

In an interesting letter to the "Times," Sir Lees Knowles, Bart., exposes a moonlighting outrage of which very little has been said in the Press. It occurred at St. Michael's House, on Monatigue Farm, near Athenry, fifteen miles east of Galway. The estate is owned by Mr. Martin McDonagh, a Galway merchant. During harvest the house is occupied by workmen. At the time of the outrage five men were living in the house, which about 9.45 one night recently was subjected to a severe fusillade. Twenty-five shots were fired in regular volleys, delivered evidently upon the word of command. Fortunately no one was hurt.



Photo. Sport and General Illustrations Co.

A FURTHER WELLMAN MISFORTUNE: THE WRECKED "FRIDTJOF."

On October 5, Mr. Wellman's expeditionary boat "Fridtjof," returning from Spitzbergen, where the air-ship came to grief, was wrecked off the island of Jan Mayen. The captain and fifteen of the crew were drowned.

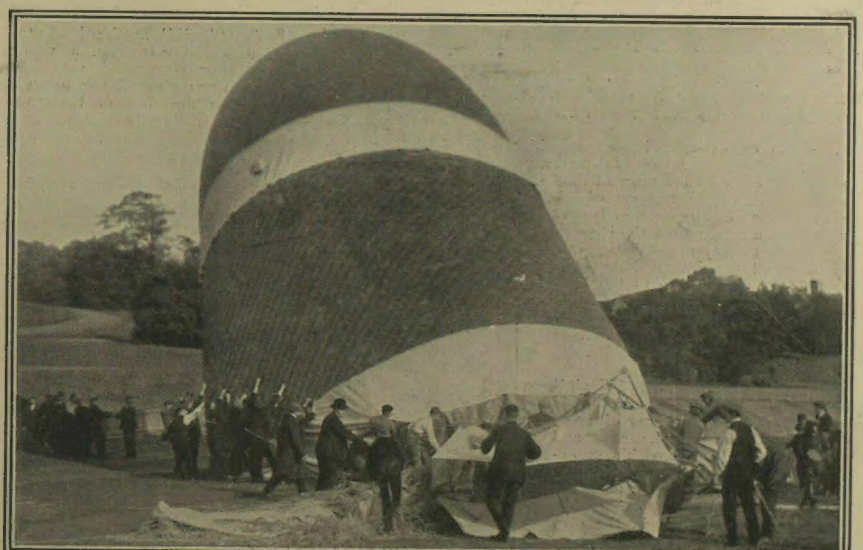


Photo. Russell.

THE WRECK OF THE ARMY AIR-SHIP: THE BALLOON PARTLY DEFLATED ON THE CRYSTAL PALACE CYCLE-TRACK.

The army air-ship was fated never to leave the Crystal Palace whole. A sudden gale of wind dashed it to the ground, and did such damage to the car that the balloon had to be hurriedly deflated. One of the engineers ripped the envelope with a knife. The air-ship went back to Aldershot by motor-wagon. Colonel Capper proposes to build an entirely new ship, into which he will introduce a gyroscope to obviate pitching.

ART, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA



SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM,
Who is playing
Tom Kemp.



MISS MARY MOORE.



MISS ELAINE INESCORT.



MR. SAM SOTHERN,
Who is playing
Mr. Baxter.

A CAST OF FOUR FOR A THREE-ACT PLAY: THE PLAYERS IN SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM'S NEW PRODUCTION: "THE MOLLUSC."

In "The Mollusc" Miss Mary Moore plays Mrs. Baxter, and Miss Inescort takes the part of Miss Roberts.

Three Photographs by Dover Street Studios, one by Foulsham and Banfield.

ART NOTES.

MR. SARGENT domineers the Academy, as we know; one of the accepted risks taken by the average exhibitor being that his canvas may be hung alongside a Lady Sassoon or an Asher Wertheimer, and, of course, look nowhere. Is it not rather hard that the same average exhibitor should be pursued to a very stronghold of mediocrity—the Institute of Oil Painters? Honorary members—

Mr. Sargent is one—are generally harmless enough, aged, and far abroad. But, of course, there is no withstanding the power of the Sargent landscape, "The Mountains of Moab." Miles of sand, baking in the sun, thousands of white stones, bleached with heat, some black goats, as hot as a heavily hooded monk in August, a long stretch of roughly constructed wall, and the mountains of Moab—these are the things so marvellously depicted. Necessarily the painting is something of an illusion, or "tricky," as the average exhibitor was heard to describe it. How otherwise could such reality be achieved? Not years of patience

Mr. Wetherbee throws sea-water upon the heat of our annoyance—charming green sea-water, splashed hither and thither by rather ordinary, every-day sea-maids. And Mr. Charles Sims is here—the artist of so few



MISS MARIE TEMPEST,
Who has made a new departure in "The Barrier" at the
Comedy Theatre.

DRAWN BY FRANK HAVILAND.

summers and Academies, who quite lately introduced himself with some paintings of sunshine and print-frocks at the seaside; who ships from Brighton to Spain; and, but another season passed, is seen in Arcady and as the exhibitor of almost the largest picture seen at the Academy in our generation. Again he was found in Arcady, or rather, in a queer mixture of Arcady and Fittleworth, where baby fauns drop from trees into the midst of silver-appointed and table-clothed picnics, and where sailor-suited little boys and nude goat-heeled little boys are quite unabashed one by the other.

In Mr. Sims's "April," at the Institute, we see a human modern courting couple, a young woman whose tears are being dried by a solicitous nymph, and a young man who is explaining to an indifferent faunish male creature the drift of the "words" he has had with her. Mr. Sims's fantasy is somewhat vague and random; all the same, fantasy it is—and fantasy at the Institute is fantasy indeed. E. M.

MUSIC.

IF the special personal triumph of the first few nights at Covent Garden was reserved for Madame Maria Gay, whose Carmen is drawing all London, it may be remarked that her undisputed claim upon the interest and admiration of audiences was disputed very seriously last week. Madame Giachetti, whose work has improved to an extent that has astonished even her admirers, came very suddenly to the front, and, by reason of her extended repertory, is likely to be the bright star of the autumn season. There has been no startling change in the quality of her voice; it still leaves something to be desired in the upper register, but there is a very distinct change in her treatment of her own resources and in the skill with which she has managed to restrain herself wherever restraint can preserve the quality of her tone without serious prejudice to the dramatic significance of the moment. In "La Bohème" Madame Giachetti has given us quite a new reading of the part of Mimi, and in so doing



MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS AND MR. FRED KERR IN MRS. RYLEY'S NEW PLAY, "THE SUGAR BOWL," AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

could have dotted those miles of sand with the thousand white stones; not forty years in the desert would have helped industry to an inventory of that confusion. But in Mr. Sargent's half-hour every stone has been perfectly proportioned, graduating from the bigness of proximity to a remote diminutiveness, with all the intermediate variations in strict obedience to the laws of perspective. The marvel of all this is not the manner of its doing, which is extraordinary enough; but that it was done at all.

Shut out the "Mountains of Moab," and you see that above and beside and near by, hang pictures of some quiet-mannered merit; the eggs and bread on Miss Ethel Carrick's breakfast-laden table are pleasantly painted—even appetising; Sir James Guthrie's "Mrs. Warrack" shows that Mr. Lavery has no monopoly in the grey portraiture that is his habit; and Sir George Reid's "Sir Henry Littlejohn" must be perceived, though, perhaps, without enthusiasm. Indeed, everything of any merit must be looked at even without enthusiasm; otherwise a progress through the gallery would be an indignant one. The Institute gives publicity to displays of incredibly bad and foolish paintings.

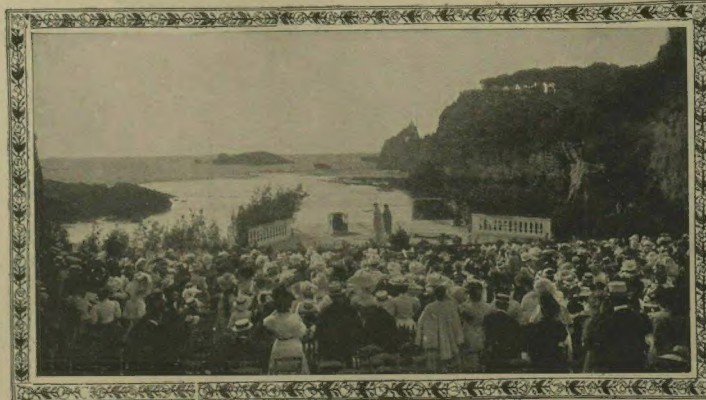


THE CHILD OF CONTENTMENT WITH HER NEW STEP-FATHER: PRINCESS MONICA PIA WITH SIGNOR TOSELLI AT THE VILLA BEATRICE, FLORENCE.

has probably given a fresh lease of life to an opera that was beginning to tire many of its early admirers,

perhaps because the chief part has suffered from very lifeless treatment at the hands of singers who cannot act.

Miss Lindsay, the American soprano, who made her debut at Covent Garden in "Faust," created quite a favourable impression, despite first-night nervousness and obvious lack of rehearsal. The quality of her voice is most engaging, and her treatment of a part that has now been played all over the world for nearly fifty years has a certain welcome measure of freshness. At the same time, we must protest against the prevailing fashion at Covent Garden of treating "Faust" less as a serious work of art than as a medium for vocal display. As soon as singers have reached the last note they succumb to the temptation of coming forward and responding to the applause. Should no applause be forthcoming they strike attitudes calculated to suggest that they are badly in want of some, and remind one of an intelligent pet-dog begging for sugar. The result is that an opera like "Faust" resolves itself under such treatment into a series of "turns."



SEA AND ROCKS AS SCENERY: THE OPEN-AIR PERFORMANCE OF "PHÉDRE" AT BIARRITZ. The "Théâtre de la Nature" in the open air has been inaugurated in different parts of France during recent years. A "Théâtre de la Mer" has just been founded at Biarritz, and it has been appropriately opened with a performance of "Phédre," which requires a setting of rocks and sea. The piece was played by Mlle. Silvain, M. Albert Lambert fils, and other distinguished performers.

THE LATEST ROSALIND ON THE LONDON STAGE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RITA MARTIN; SETTING BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



A ROSALIND IN A NOVEL COSTUME: MISS LILY BRAYTON IN "AS YOU LIKE IT," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Rosalind usually plays her boy's part right through in one dress, but Miss Lily Brayton varies the conventional Rosalind costume with a shepherd-boy's dress, which she was wearing when this photograph was taken. Her cottage in Arden is shown in the background.

NOT INVITED TO THE PEACE CONFERENCE:

THE SMALLEST REPUBLICS IN THE WORLD.



NO. I.—SAN MARINO, THE SMALLEST REPUBLIC.

1. THE SIX-MONTHLY RULERS OF SAN MARINO:
THE CAPTAINS-REGENT IN STATE.

2. A GENERAL VIEW OF SAN MARINO.

3. THE NEW GOVERNMENT PALACE OF SAN MARINO.

4. A LITTLE BOY DRAWING THE LOTS FOR THE
ELECTION OF CAPTAINS-REGENT.

5. THE INVESTITURE OF THE CAPTAINS-REGENT
BY THEIR PREDECESSORS.

6. AN OFFICIAL SALUTE WITH THE OLD MORTARS
IN SAN MARINO.

7. THE VESTIBULE AND GRAND STAIRCASE OF
THE GOVERNMENT PALACE, SAN MARINO.

San Marino, which was not invited to the Peace Conference, claims to be the oldest State in Europe. Its area is 38 square miles, and its population 11,002. The annual revenue and expenditure is about £12,000. There is no public debt. The Government is vested in a Great Council of sixty, two of whom are appointed by lot to hold joint office for six months. The army consists of 38 officers and 950 men. The chief exports are wine, cattle, and stone. A new treaty of friendship with Italy was concluded in 1897.—(DRAWINGS BY S. BEGG.)

NOT INVITED TO THE PEACE CONFERENCE:

THE SMALLEST REPUBLICS IN THE WORLD.



NO. II.—ANDORRA, THE SECOND SMALLEST REPUBLIC.

1. THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW PRINCE SOVEREIGN OF ANDORRA: BISHOP JUAN BENLLOCH DE LA SEO DE URGEL AT THE SPANISH-ANDORRA FRONTIER.
2. OLD ANDORRA: THE CAPITAL OF THE REPUBLIC.
3. LES ESCALDES: A PICTURESQUE VILLAGE RICH IN MINERAL SPRINGS.
4. THE HOMELY PARLIAMENT HOUSE OF ANDORRA.
5. TYPES OF THE ANDORRA MILITIA: YOUNG MOUNTAINEER IRREGULARS.

At the close of the Peace Conference it was noted that the tiny States of San Marino, Andorra, and Monaco were not invited to send delegates, which was rather an anomaly when Honduras and Panama were called. Abyssinia, Morocco, the Congo, and Liberia were also left out. Andorra is situated to the south of the department of Ariège. It is only about four hundred miles square, and contains but 5250 inhabitants. The State is under the protection of the Spanish Bishop of Urgel, who bears the title of Prince Sovereign. The origin of Andorra goes back to the time of Charlemagne, who, after he had vanquished the Moors with the help of the Andorrans, gave them the privilege of independent government. The Government is by syndics and a general council. The army is a corps of scouts recruited from the young mountaineers.

DRAWINGS BY H. W. KORKKOR FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

MILITARY REVIEW

AMOR CONDVSSE NOI ADVNA MORTE.....
DANTE - Inferno - Carlo V

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

TO continue the interrupted tale of the Barbadoes coffin mystery. On the morning of April 20, 1820, Mr. Lucas, he says, was conversing with Lord Combermere, Mr. Rowland Cotton, and Mr. R. Boucher Clarke on the subject. They collected eight negroes, went at once to the vault, opened it, and found that, despite the private marks affixed in July 1819, the disturbance had been repeated.

There was no sign of entry from without, whether by digging, or by removing the huge superincumbent

been buried, and that they had been attacked by the dead who died a natural death; hence the disturbances.

Now precisely the same explanation was given by the superstitious to account for precisely similar recurrent disturbances of leaden coffins in the vault of a noble family at Oelsen, an isle in the Baltic, in 1842. A long account is published, in Dale Owen's "Footfalls on the

CAPTAIN DICKINSON.

Author of "Big Game Shooting on the Equator," published by Mr. John Lane.

"was sending Protestants whole-sale to the stake in 1555." Now my own memory, alas, runneth to the contrary. Having been a nervous little boy in 1855, I should remember my perils as a Presbyterian, had Mary really been persecuting in that year.

Again, the author of "The Red Footstep"

says that George Marsh was burned in 1855, and born in 1575! This is incredible, even if for 1855 we read 1555, when Mary Tudor really flourished. For, if burned in 1555, how could George Marsh be, as we are told he was, born in 1575; born under Queen Elizabeth, who did not send Protestants to the stake, but Catholics to the rack?

Smithills is such a very ancient house that "an ancient gateway bearing the date 681 is still in good preservation." Yet Arabic numerals were not used in England in 681; and certainly no such date can exist on any monument in our country from a time when St. Wilfrid "was compelled to seek an asylum among the pagans of Sussex," and Northumbria was having the worse of a war with the Picts. There could then be no such place as Smithills in Lancashire, where the language was probably Welsh in 681. Popular magazines ought to be more careful!

A FRENCHWOMAN WHO IS AN ENGLISH NOVELIST: MME. CLAIRE DE PRATZ, NIECE OF M. ROUVIER, EX-PRIME MINISTER OF FRANCE

Mlle. de Pratz is the author of "Eve Norris," just published by Mr. Heinemann. She is also one of the Chief Inspectresses of the Public Charities Department of the French Home Office

stone. There was no trace of an irruption of torrential rains; moreover, asks Mr. Lucas, "why were the coffins of wood *in situ*, while the leaden coffins were tossed about? Wood certainly would first float." Water would leave traces, but there were none, "and the vault is in a level churchyard, by no means in a fall, much less in a run of water. Earthquakes could not have done this without levelling the church to the ground." A recurrent earthquake, limited to a single vault, is unknown to seismology. Mr. Lucas could find no explanatory hypothesis.

Not can! The negroes averred that two suicides had



Photo. Reesford

LADY GROVE.

Whose Essays, "The Social Fetish," are announced by Messrs. Smith, Elder.

Boundary of Another World." Except for tales of strange noises in the vault, the story is

exactly the same as the Barbadoes narrative. Dale Owen says that a manuscript containing an official record exists in the archives of the Protestant church in Oelsen, but nobody can find it; though the oldest inhabitants remember the affair. The current explanation is the incursion of "casual water," which was found unsatisfactory in Barbadoes.

The same explanation was given, according to the late Mr. F. A. Paley, the Greek scholar, writing in *Notes and Queries*, to account for the same *inconsequences* of leaden coffins in a vault in the church of which his father was rector, but Mr. Paley was not satisfied. It takes a deluge, indeed, to float leaden coffins.

Could gases generated within leaden coffins do the business? Surely they would burst the coffins in the process, as in the case of the coffin of Henry VIII. I leave the question to the learned, who may observe that the Staunton case, published in 1814, cannot have been borrowed from the incidents in Barbadoes, which came to a head and to an end in 1820.

Very singular ideas of history may be found in popular sixpenny magazines. One of these pleasant miscellanies has been recording the queer legends of old country houses, such as "The Red Footstep" of Smithills Hall, imprinted by the Rev. George Marsh, who suffered at the stake under Mary Tudor.

We are informed by the narrator that Mary Tudor



Photo. Russell.

MR. PERCY WHITE,

Whose new novel, "Mr. Strudge," is appearing with Mr. Eveleigh Nash.



BEAUTY IN BOOK-ILLUSTRATION: "WITH THE ACRID SMELL OF SMOKE CHOKING HER."

Drawing by G. C. Wilmsburst, reproduced from Mr. Robert W. Chambers's new novel "The Younger Set," by permission of Messrs. Constable, the publishers.



BEAUTY IN BOOK-ILLUSTRATION: "GAVE INTO HIS KEEPING BODY AND SOUL."

Drawing by G. C. Wilmsburst, reproduced from "The Younger Set," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Constable.

OUR COLONIAL UNDER-SECRETARY, NOW EN ROUTE FOR EAST AFRICA.

SKETCHES MADE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BY S. BEGG.



IN IMITATION OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S PARLIAMENTARY MANNERISMS.

Following the precedent set by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain when he was Colonial Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill is about to make a lengthy tour of Africa. He left Marseilles on Monday, September 30. Mr. Churchill's tour includes visits to Malta, Cyprus, Aden, Mombasa, Nairobi, Uganda, Gondokoro, the Upper Nile, Khartoum, and Cairo. The Admiralty have placed his Majesty's cruiser "Venus" at the Under-Secretary's disposal for the voyage from Malta to Mombasa. At Larnaca, in Cyprus, Mr. Churchill has just been assured of the Moslems' loyalty.

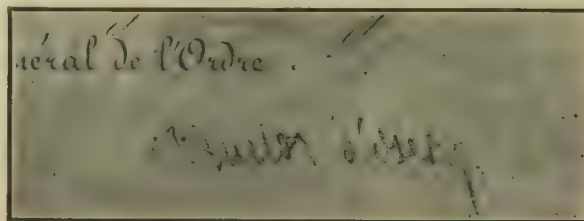


IN the distant future British East Africa may become the stock-raising country, for which large areas are, in many respects, well suited; but for many years to come its vast grazing-grounds are destined to remain the haunts of game. Thanks to energetic administration of the protective laws, the indiscriminate slaughter of antelopes and other species has been checked, and travellers on the Uganda Railway may see from the carriage-windows zebras in thousands, hartebeest, wildebeest, and gazelles, and even on occasion the lion, giraffe, and rhinoceros—a sight unique in the world. Captain Dickinson, in his "Big Game Shooting on the Equator" (John Lane), renders an account of the condition of affairs very reassuring to those who fear that the days of the East African fauna are numbered: he describes the quantity of game as almost incredible. Nevertheless, it behoves us to remember the fate of the American bison, and maintain the policy of protection and "sanctuaries" where no beast may be shot. Under existing conditions, East African game has less to fear from man than from rinderpest. The effects of free and indiscriminate shooting are to be seen now in Somaliland; fifteen years ago, game of many species was to be found in great numbers within a day's march of Berbera: now, by reason of its accessibility, the country within a wide radius of that port has been almost "shot out," as Miss Agnes Herbert discovered on the trip she describes in so entertaining a

paragraph, as in his sidelight on Mr. Byers, financier. "When they parted, Mr. Byers said to himself, 'That woman hates having to know me.' But there were many people in that position: and he spent much time in increasing the number; so the reflection gave him no pain, but rather a sense of self-complacency. When people know you who hate having

Gladwin's country-seat, dressed up and with its hair curled, "for all the world as if it were a suburban villa," the man and his possessions stand before you. This it is to be a craftsman indeed.

The documentary evidence which M. Sémenoff has collected in "The Russian Government and the Massacres" (Murray) is in the nature of a grim comment upon bureaucratic fair speaking. We have, of course, to take the author's word for it that the proclamations were printed by the Press of the Prefect of St. Petersburg. What appears to be established is that the censor did not interfere with their publication, that they were sold for two copecks a copy in the offices of the *Novoye Vremya* and the *Russkoye Znaméno*, and that the director of the Press Bureau treated their circulation with nonchalance. Here is an extract from one of them: "Do you know, brethren, who is the chief author of our misfortunes? Do you know that the Jews of the whole world, inhabiting Russia, America, Germany, and England, have entered into an alliance and decided to completely ruin Russia, to divide it into small kingdoms in order to give it to the enemies of the Russian people, to give to them our mother Russia, conquered by Russian blood and soaked with Russian sweat?" The mediæval prejudice of the anonymous writer found its sequel in the massacres at



HOW THE CAMERA SAW WHAT THE EYE COULD NOT SEE: SIGNATURE ON AN OLD FRENCH DOCUMENT RECOVERED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

to know you, you are somebody." He creates a character in a couple of sentences. "Old Tom Gladwin was not a man to whom you volunteered advice. He had made an immense deal of money for himself, and people who have done that generally like also to manufacture their own advice on their own



THE DIFFICULTY OF CRIMINAL IDENTIFICATION BY PHOTOGRAPHY: FIVE MEN AT DIFFERENT TIMES OF THEIR LIFE.

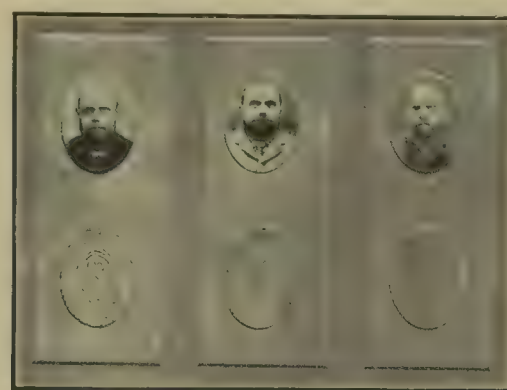
Identification was impossible by photography, but has been accomplished by finger-prints.

For all the reproductions on this page, which are taken from "The Romance of Photography," we are indebted to the publishers, Messrs. Seeley and Co.

strain in "Two Dianas in Somaliland" (John Lane). Under no circumstances is big-game shooting child's play, and Miss Herbert and her cousin went far afield and worked hard to obtain the trophies they brought home. Whether big-game shooting in Africa, or any other country, is a suitable occupation for ladies to enjoy without European escort, may be a matter of opinion; but it is due to the "two Dianas" to say that they conducted the by no means easy task of controlling a large native caravan into the interior with remarkable discretion and success; and that they displayed coolness, courage, and resource in the presence of such dangerous foes as the lion and rhinoceros. That these two ladies should have been able to make the expedition unmolested by the native tribes with whom they came in contact offers a striking tribute to the respect with which white men and women have inspired these savages.

The hand of the expert, of "Double Harness" and "Quisante," in no wise loses its cunning in the manufacture of a short story, as we know from "The Dolly Dialogues." The qualities so delightfully exercised in Mr. Anthony Hope's later books are all present in "Tales of Two People" (Methuen). It is a collection of stories of varying lengths, from "Helena's Path," which is a novel in miniature, to "The Opened Door," which is a brief sketch of a rogue at the point of death. Long and short, they are written with an unwavering urbanity, and they are full of those good things that are the fruits of a philosophical observation of one's neighbours. Mr. Anthony Hope sits sketching his fellow-mortals—and for preference the young and susceptible among them—with a facile, well-bred pen. He compresses a lifetime of social aspiration into a

premises. Perhaps it is better done that way, perhaps there's just a prejudice in favour of the home trade-mark." And with another touch—of Sir Thomas



THE SUPERIORITY OF FINGER-PRINTS TO PHOTOGRAPHY IN CRIMINAL IDENTIFICATION.

The photographs are of three different men strongly resembling one another. Below are photographs of the right thumb print of each man, showing a satisfactory differentiation. This system is used in Great Britain, India, and the Colonies.

Bielostok. Anti-Semitism as expressed in blood and fire was, and is, the peasants' response to these inflammatory pamphlets. The book should be read.

Really good light verse has become so rare in these sad and strenuous times that one hails a new birth of the comic spirit in metre with something very like emotion. There was promise as well as performance in Mr. Hansard Watt's "Home-Made History," but he has surpassed even that delightful piece of fooling in his new volume, "Myths about Monarchs" (Eveleigh Nash). His interpretation of history has just the right inexactitude to be convincing in a work of this kind, and as we read we believe and, like the devils, tremble—with laughter. This stanza from "A Day in the Life of Pharaoh" will tell the reader what to expect—

This labour done, his next would be
To view the spacious Factory,
Wherein with joy he saw
In each dim cell some five or six
Unhappy Hebrews making bricks
With insufficient straw.

And there is a fine touch of nature in the following—

Precisely at the stroke of nine,
He set aside his work to dine,
Of melancholy rid;
And Hebrew authors oft repeat
These simple words: "The King did eat,"
With accent on the "did."

The verse is well managed technically, and easily lures one on to many charming inaccuracies about Busiris, Cyrus, Croesus, Cambyses, Polycrates, and others. The Polycrates is a wholesome corrective to Schiller.



CRIMINAL IDENTIFICATION BY PHOTOGRAPHY: AN EARLY EXPERIMENT.

The photograph was taken in Glasgow. It is one of Scott Archer's early positives on glass. At the back of the frame is an inscription which reads, "No. 1, James Martin Lindsay, dirty thief; No. 2, James Brown Cummings, pick-pocket; No. 3, Peter Hassan, pick-pocket; No. 4, John McCrae, tailor (associate of thieves)." The term "dirty thief" is still in common use in the police force in Scotland. It means a low type of thief who would not hesitate to use violence.

HUNDREDS OF ACRES OF TOBACCO UNDER CHEESE-CLOTH: AN AMERICAN DEVICE.

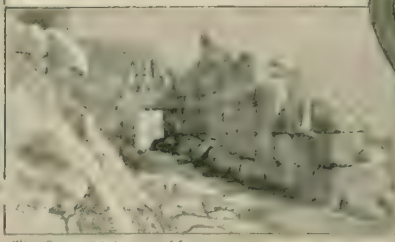


LIKE A GIANT CIRCUS TENT: A TOBACCO PLANTATION ARRANGED ON THE METHOD WHICH HAS REVOLUTIONISED THE PORTO RICAN INDUSTRY.

Since the Americans took possession of Porto Rico they have increased the value of the tobacco exports five times. In five years the export of cigars has advanced from 11,000,000 to 113,000,000. This is partly due to increased acreage, partly to better methods of curing and manufacturing, but chiefly because the Americans have taught the tobacco-planters

a new trick. Five years ago no suitable tobacco for wrappers could be grown, but the American has shown what can be done by raising it under cheese-cloth. Now the Porto Ricans' tobacco patch looks like a circus-tent and covers hundreds of acres. The photograph realises this very curious effect.—[PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE "WORLD'S WORK,"]

"MY DOUBLE LIFE" REVIEWED:



The Gate of Isms at Mycenae, about 1000 B.C.

MEMOIRS OF SARAH BERNHARDT.



Athens. Looking towards the Acropolis

AN English writer has said that Madame Sarah Bernhardt is characterised in all she does by "race and breeding"; and a French writer dwells upon her temperament as that of an *enfant gâiné*. The disparity is interesting only because both these admirers mean to describe the same thing. The Parisian *gâiné* wears something that shows, in eyes that have taken but a tourist's view of Paris, as "breeding." The word is not well chosen, but the blunder of the choice is significant. Madame Bernhardt is Parisian to the Parisian, but she is, to another purpose, Parisian to the Londoner; and her "legend"—which is evidently very dear to herself—is even more distinct and curious to us than to her countrymen. Of all the many actresses who have lived with their doors open, so that their audiences might be privileged to see something more than the play, she has been most generous in gratifying the curiosity—she would have it to rise to the marvel—that has for forty years surrounded her personality. For "personality" is a word that might have been made expressly for her, being modern, just a little ready-made, and

SKULL IN SARAH BERNHARDT'S LIBRARY, WITH AUTOGRAPH VERSES BY VICTOR HUGO.
(L.A.S.T. S.I.P.P.A.G.E. L.A.S.T. SARAH BERNHARDT'S PORTRAIT (RIGHT).

eyes? The writer of memoirs reconstructs that childish aspect according to the legend. Madame Bernhardt is far too much interested in that legend to smooth away the

actual life of her own art undescribed. It is indeed a "vision of herself" that occupies her here, and not a vision of Adrienne Lecouvreur or Phèdre.

And yet she evidently had thoughts worth thinking within the rôle of these *dramatis personæ*. It is well that the company of characters assumed since her best days, when she was best in Phèdre, should not cause us to forget that admirable piece of acting. It was Racine touched with just so much of the modern genius as gives an impulse of life to his otherwise rigid verse. The rigidity has always been obvious to the actors of the House of Molière, with the paradoxical result that they play classic parts with a fire and fury alien to the classic drama. Who has not had his ears strained nearly to splitting by speech after speech in that moderate tragedy "Les Horaces," as it is played at the Théâtre Français? But Madame Bernhardt, distinctively emotional actress though she is, never so forced and flogged a decorous part; and yet passion was there. A wasted victim of the gods who had visited her



SARAH BERNHARDT AS THE DUC DE RICHELIEU.

harsh things or tame the wild things of her life. She gives us no sentimental or silly portrait of herself. She boxed another actress's ears, and says so; she failed again and again in her early parts, and says so; she thought some red cloth laid down in a London railway station was for her and found that it was for the Prince and Princess of Wales, and she was angry and disappointed, and says so. She was called insignificant more than once, and told that the stage was not her sphere, and this, too, she tells us loyally; and we hear of the confectioner's shop which she meant to keep, as well as of the flights and cancelled engagements and returned contracts and other brilliant things.

And yet, artist as she undoubtedly is, and strenuous worker at her art, it is not of her parts, of her poets, of her stage-thoughts, that she writes. All the external, all the incidents, the friendships, the quarrels, the admirations, the rancours, the clashes and—generally so called—the "situations" of a great and famous actress's life she relates, vividly and with a high-pressure vivacity; but not what she



SARAH BERNHARDT IN HER COFFIN.



SARAH BERNHARDT AS A PAINTER.

exaggerated and perfluvial. The playgoing world likes to have strong mysteries, and to pluck the heart of them: not delicate mysteries, and to leave them alone, as Wordsworth and his sister did with the sparrow's nest full of little eggs.

The "legend" was for many years a most important condition of a public career in France. Of late it has ceased to seem so exciting; but the caricaturist who had "done" M. Thiers for a comic paper, during twenty industrious years, declined to the last to see that statesman, lest the Thiers legend should be disturbed. It differed thus in sincerity from the Sarah Bernhardt legend, which the great tragedian herself has kept in such a state of completeness as to bear the fullest investigation. Her "Memoirs" are very truthful. She has not only written her legend, she has lived it. "This vision I have of myself," she says incidentally. And, when she was about her first engagement and setting forth to interview her manager, she put on a certain dress, a certain bonnet—how vividly remembered, the cut and the colour! and after all these years she contemplates the success of it—"It must have looked delightfully mad!" And the reader is convinced of the young débutante's full consciousness that it was mad, and her very deliberate intention that it should be so. She had emotional passages in her childhood, and in these she describes herself as pale, "with haggard eyes." Was the little girl, then, aware of her



"OPHELIA": SCULPTURE BY SARAH BERNHARDT.

For the reproductions on this page we are indebted to Mr. Heinemann, publisher of "My Double Life."

thought of this or that heroine's, or—latterly—this or that hero's, woes. Calling her book the record of her "double life," she nevertheless leaves the

with a hateful love, Phèdre passed pausing to the stage. When she confessed what was afflicting her soul, it was with an involuntary, inarticulate cry of loathing of herself, and the cry was full of language. Her weak figure showed an impulse of flight, but the impulse was stopped by the remembrance that what she dreaded and would escape was within her. Only a reader with a sense of drama as vivid as her own would, from the printed page, construct a Phèdre so great and so mortally afflicted as the Phèdre of Sarah Bernhardt. When she acted this part in the 'seventies and 'eighties, many who saw her had seen Rachel. There must have been a great rivalry in their minds; but there has been no Charlotte Brontë to write of Madame Bernhardt.

She has done more than any other tragedian to reconcile us to the Alexandrine, restraining the irritating swing of the rhythm, the inevitable emphasis of the rhyme, by an admirably varied elocution. And she makes this verse not only tolerable to us, but more delightful to her fellow-countrymen. And she works! Our respect for her energy is such that we do not fear the suspicion of either faint or sarcastic praise when we call this resolutely wild and wilful genius the most industrious of her sex, time, and profession. It is the legend that is a little ready-made, never the acting. The book is published by Mr. Heinemann.

THE VISIT OF PROFESSOR SARAH BERNHARDT TO LONDON.

DRAWING FROM LIFE BY ANTOON VAN WELIE.



THE GREATEST LIVING ACTRESS: MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT, APPEARING NEXT WEEK AT THE NEW ROYALTY THEATRE.

Madame Bernhardt's first appearance in London since her appointment to the Professorship of Dramatic Art at the Paris Conservatoire coincides most opportunely with the appearance of the great actress's "Memoirs," which Mr. Heinemann published on October 18. The book is reviewed at length on another page.

THE AMERICAN FIREBRAND: THE UNITED STATES SQUADRON FOR SERVICE IN THE PACIFIC.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WICKSON.



THE TROUBLE OVER THE MOVEMENT OF A UNITED STATES SQUADRON TO THE PACIFIC: THE PRINCIPAL SHIPS ENGAGED.

(IN THE CENTRE) THE PACIFIC SQUADRON VESSELS "WASHINGTON," A DESTROYER, "TENNESSEE," AND "RHODE ISLAND."

Although there is not the slightest fear of war between the United States and Japan, the American Government has deemed it advisable to send a squadron to the Pacific. The advance guard of the squadron, the "Tennessee" and the "Washington," sailed from Hampton Roads on October 12. It is not expected that the squadron will arrive at San Francisco before February. It will call first at Trinidad, and then at various South American ports. In the beginning of January target-practice will be held at Magdalena Bay, Mexico. Off California the "South Dakota" and "California," recently built at San Francisco and put into commission, will join the squadron. Her with these other armoured cruisers, now on the Pacific Station.

INTERESTS OF THE PROVINCES, AND TWO CEREMONIES IN LONDON.



GRIMSBY AS A NAVAL BASE: THE PROGRESS OF THE NEW DOCKS.

The photograph shows the progress that has been made in excavating the docks, which will be able to float the biggest war-ship. They will place Grimsby in the position of a first-class naval base.

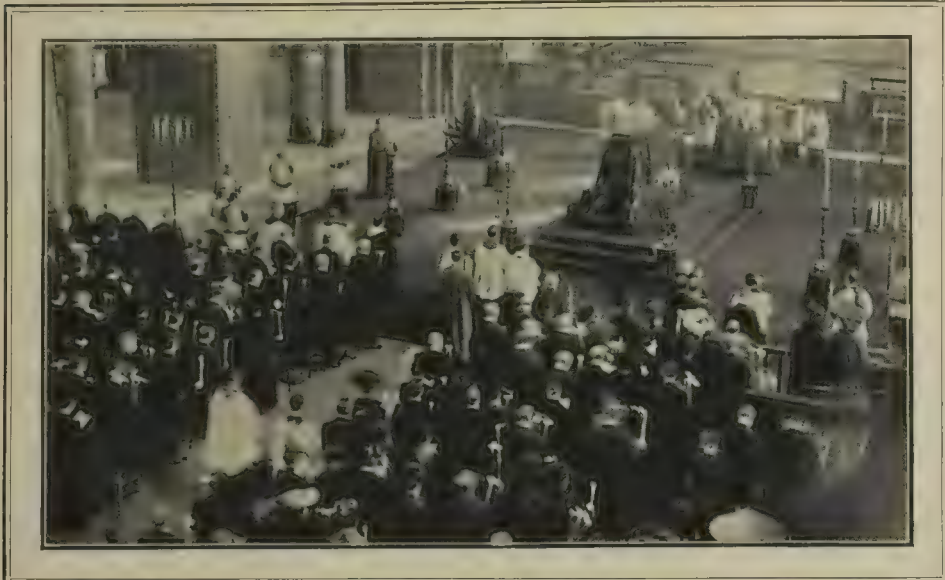
Photo. Esda.



THE STRATFORD MOP FAIR: ROASTING AN OX WHOLE IN THE STREETS.

Stratford-on-Avon Mop Fair was held on October 12, and attracted huge crowds from the Midlands. According to ancient custom, oxen were roasted whole in the street, and eaten immediately. In the background is John Harvard's house.

Photo. Leno and Terrell Supply.



THE REQUIEM MASS FOR LORD BRAMPTON.

Photo. Illus. Bureau.



THE RED MASS FOR THE CATHOLIC JUDGES.

Photo. Park.

TWO REMARKABLE CEREMONIES AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: THE RED MASS AND THE FUNERAL OF LORD BRAMPTON.

On October 11 a Requiem Mass was sung at Westminster Cathedral for the repose of the soul of Sir Henry Hawkins, Baron Brampton. The coffin of the late Judge was placed on a catafalque in the centre of the choir. On the following day the usual Red Mass for the opening of the Law Courts was attended by the Roman Catholic Judges in full state

AN INTERESTING SCOTCH CEREMONY, AND THE LIGHTER SIDE OF CAMPAIGNING IN MOROCCO.



Lord Rosebery.

Photo, Halftone.

LORD ROSEBERY IN THE "CITY OF QUEENS": INAUGURATION OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL AT LEITH.

On October 12 the statue to Queen Victoria was unveiled at Leith by Lord Rosebery. In the course of his speech Lord Rosebery said Leith might be called a city of queens. The wives of James I., II., III., V., and VI. first set foot in Scotland at Leith. Mary, too, landed there; and there Mary of Guise had her residence. Queen Victoria landed at Leith on her first visit to Edinburgh. The sculptor is Mr. John S. Rhind.



QUAINT BOOTY IN MOROCCO: A FRENCH CAPTAIN SECURES A YOUNG ASS.

When the camp of Sidi-Brahim was seized the other day by the French, the captors no doubt produced a great moral effect on the Moors, but the exploit did not cost the enemy very dear. The tents had disappeared, and only a few straw huts remained. These were burned. The only live stock found consisted of some fowls and a young ass.

HUMOURS OF CURRENT NEWS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



WALKING THE WATER: MR. JANSSEN'S AMUSING EXPERIMENT WITH BOAT-SHOES.

A Mr. Janssen recently experimented in Paris with a contrivance for walking on the water. He stands in two large floats, each six feet long, and about a foot broad. Another amusing experiment by M. Remond on the lake of the Bois de Boulogne is illustrated below.



ANOTHER BLUNDERING INSCRIPTION: SIR FRANCIS JEUNE'S MEMORIAL.

There are three dreadful blunders in the inscription at the Law Courts:

G. C. B. reads "G. G. B.," there is no mention of the Divorce Court, and Admiralty is spelt "Admiral-ty," in the best manner of the lower deck.



A HOUSEHOLD TERROR SIMPLIFIED BY ELECTRICITY: A PORTABLE CLEANER.

The invention is American. Instead of a cumbersome engine working outside in the street, the pump is brought into the house, and is driven by a small dynamo attached to the electric plug. It can be moved from room to room like a sweeping-machine.



M. REMOND SITTING ON HIS WATER-SHOES.



M. REMOND WALKING ON THE WATER.

WALKING THE WATER: M. REMOND'S AMUSING EXPERIMENT ON THE LAKE IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

Visitors to the Bois de Boulogne have been amused to see a man walking on the lake, apparently with as much comfort as if he were strolling in the Avenue des Acacias. His foot-boards are very light shells, about seven feet long and turned up prettily at each end. They are not more uncomfortable than ski. M. Remond made his experiments in rainy weather, and walked under an umbrella.



IN THE CENTRE THE SHIEK BOUKI ALAMI; ON THE LEFT THE SHEIK MOHAMED EL BUASON; AT THE RIGHT AN INTERPRETER.



BOLD AND SHY BEFORE THE CAMERA: THE INTERPRETER AND THE TWO SERVANTS.



THE MOORISH ENVOYS' TAXIMETER DRIVE TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



THE MOORISH ENVOYS ARRIVE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THE OPPOSITION MOORISH SULTAN'S ENVOYS DELIGHTED WITH LONDON: MULAI HAFID'S UNOFFICIAL EMBASSY.

The two envoys, with their clerk and two servants, whom Mulai Hafid, the Moroccan Pretender, has sent to London "to see the King," have been enjoying themselves very much indeed. They have been to Kew Gardens, Hampton Court, and Richmond by taximeter cab, for which they paid cheerfully 21s. 6d. They thought, however, that 6s. 6d. for a drive round central London was excessive. As Mulai Hafid's accession has never been notified to the Foreign Office, the envoys have no official status.

SCIENCE

NATURAL HISTORY

SCIENCE
JOTTINGS.THE ACCESSORIES
OF OUR FOODS.

AMID the many discussions which are being conducted regard-

ing foods and dietaries, it appears to me one phase of the subject has suffered severely from neglect. This is the question of the accessories of diet, the addenda to our *menus*, so to speak, which include materials both of solid and fluid kind. Every table represents such accessories, ranging from the contents of the salt-cellar and the cruet-bottles, onwards to the after-dinner cheese, the post-prandial coffee, and the liqueurs consumed as part-and-parcel of the meal. When we come to think of it, a table would appear only half-furnished were the accessories to be omitted. They are, indeed, well-nigh as essential as the viands themselves. The deprivation of salt, for instance, would be felt not merely as a social lapse, but as a physiological enormity, for, of all things else, the familiar chloride of sodium is an essential element not only in the enjoyment and relish of our food, but likewise one necessary for the digestion of our aliments. Clearly, the food question cannot be scientifically debated without taking into account the addenda of the table. Most of us tacitly accept them because of the physiological need for them, and without inquiring into the possible uses they serve in the ways and works of the animal economy.

Salt, to begin with, assumes the most prominent place in the list of our food-accessories. From the most ancient times man has valued salt as apparently a needful item in his dietetic substances, and even lower animals exhibit an instinct for salt such as represents an in-born craving arising from a dictate of Nature herself. The history of salt in relation to the body is itself interesting. It seems to be a mineral compound universally distributed throughout our tissues. It occurs universally in the living



FIVE PINEAPPLES ON ONE STEM.

This curious example of Nature's exuberance was on sale a fortnight ago in London. The five pineapples (four visible in the photograph) were purchased to be sold again for the Lord Mayor's Cripples Fund by Mr. Lewis Simmonds, of Covent Garden. The price was £5.

frame. It is found equally in blood and in brain, in muscle and in bone. It occurs as a notable constituent of the gastric juice which the stomach pours out on the food by way of so far digesting our nutriment, and one theory of the necessity for taking salt is founded on this fact. The gastric juice, it is urged, could not be chemically perfected by the glands which secrete it

on the physiological knowledge of the framers of the old Dutch penal code. Many people will tell us to-day they do not take salt at all. The

reply to this remark is that even in the freshest food, as I have said, salt is contained.

The utility of the cruet-contents is more easily explained. Mustard, vinegar, and pepper, with sauces, all tend to cause an increased flow of gastric juice, and thus stimulate the digestive powers. We must bear in mind that the saliva of the mouth is also stimulated

as regards its secretion by the glands, saliva being a very important digestive agent, notwithstanding the popular neglect, due to ignorance, of its functions. It converts the starch we eat in the shape of bread, rice, tapioca, potatoes, and like foods into a sugar. All starch has to be converted into sugar before it can be used in the nutrition of the body, and so the work of starch-transformation actually begins in the mouth. Mankind has learned that agreeable stimulation of the salivary glands by condiments is to their advantage, and so the presence of the cruet is in turn justified. The addition of cheese to the menu may be explained on the same basis.

Coffee is undoubtedly like tea, and, like a good many wines—most wines and other alcoholic liquors, in fact—a retarder of digestion. It slows down the activity of the stomach. The late Sir W. Roberts pointed out that in these days of elaborate cooking, rendering the food easily assimilated, there exists a danger of too rapid digestion being represented, with a consequent failure to obtain our full meed of nourishment. He argued that coffee and tea tended to correct the rapidity of digestion and gave time for the discharge of the work of our commissariat department to be duly carried out. This view is probably correct, for a "meat tea" is one of the most indigestible meals that one may ingest. ANDREW WILSON.



PROTECTIVE MIMICRY IN BUTTERFLIES: RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN THE THEORY TRACED BY DR. F. A. DIXEY.

Bates noted in his travels on the Amazons that certain butterflies were avoided by insect-eating birds, and that certain other butterflies obtained protection through developing similar characters, explaining this mimicry by Natural Selection. But Natural Selection will only account for the facts if we can find how these distasteful types form themselves into groups. Fritz Müller discovered the key to the difficulty. He found that each bird had to gain its knowledge of what was distasteful by experience; i.e., each form has to share the tax of those destroyed before the bird has learned by experience. The visible mark of a distasteful character is called an apocreme, and the advantage of a common apocreme is found in Müllerian association, which is the only explanation accounting for the early stages of transitional forms. Starting from an ordinary non-mimetic Pierine butterfly, we are led straight along to *Aeria agna*, a distinctly distasteful form, and again through the series we are led to *Heliconius numata*, a well-known inedible model. In interchange of characters subordinate members of the mimetic group influence one another.

DRAWINGS BY A. HUGH FISHER.

unless salt be specially supplied. Even the freshest of our meats contain salt as part and parcel of their composition. Equally notable is the fact that salt is found in the excretions of the body. It is given off in very appreciable quantity in the perspiration, and in other forms of waste resulting from our bodily wear and tear.

So important a constituent of the blood is salt, that in cases of loss of blood, the surgeon injects into the circulation a solution of salt and water, and thus contrives to replenish in a certain fashion the depleted supply. In some way or other, as yet imperfectly understood, salt appears to be necessary for maintaining what we may call the chemical equilibrium of the blood. It is also not yet clear to us why salt should be so freely excreted; but even the tears contain it, and "the salt, salt tears" is a phrase for once, at least, showing harmony betwixt science and poesy. Leaving the reason why aside, it is clear that we demand salt not only for the maintenance of the body's normal constituents, but likewise for the perfect discharge of many of the functions.

I believe one of the punishments inflicted under the old laws of Holland, and one regarded as in severity next to that of death, was the keeping of a prisoner for a certain length of time on a diet from which all salt was excluded. The result was emaciation, and death if the deprivation was long persisted in. A barbarous punishment truly, but one which reflected credit, in a sense,



Photo, Keystone View Co.

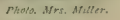
SHOOTING PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

The prairie chicken or prairie hen is the popular name of the pinnated grouse and the sharp-tailed grouse of North America. The true prairie hen, or pinnated grouse, belongs to the fertile prairies of the United States, especially Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, eastern Minnesota, South Dakota, middle and eastern Kansas, and eastern Texas. It has followed the railroads to the Rocky Mountains and far up the Missouri River.

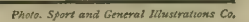


THE BEAUTIFUL NEST OF THE CLOTHO SPIDER.

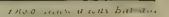
The Clotho Spider, called after the youngest of the Fates who spin the destiny of men, builds a very beautiful nest. It is like an inverted dome of silk suspended from overhanging stones by twelve long rays of gossamer. The spaces between the support resemble an inverted arcade. In order to give the nest stability, the Clotho Durand fastens on the outside the remains of insects, grains of sand, and empty shells.



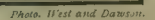
1. Armory. 2. Bancroft Hall—midshipmen's quarters. 3. East wing of Bancroft Hall, with seamanship building in rear. 4. Superintendent's quarters. 5. Chapel where the body of John Paul Jones will finally rest. 6. Academic building. 7. Goldsborough Row—officers' quarters. 8. Goldsborough Row—officers' quarters. 9. Officers' Mess. 10. Steam-engineering building. 11. Cemetery—monument to officers lost at Cape Sabine, in the Arctic regions, in foreground. 12. Great gun-drill shed. 13. Building for conducting experiments in marine engineering. 14. Long rows of buildings—officers' quarters. 15. Athletic field and boat-house where racing-shells are kept. 16. Splendid hospital, hidden behind trees. 17. Maryland Avenue—walk to the main entrance. 18. Monitor "Florida" in Severn River. 19. Tower of St. John's College, which is not connected with the Naval Academy. The Academy has taken nine years to build.



Sir William Treloar's home for crippled children, once the Princess Louise's Military Hospital, is now almost ready for its inmates, and last Saturday the Lord Mayor invited a party to inspect the building. The Lord Mayor set himself to raise £60,000, of which he still requires £6000 to complete the fund.



The Law Courts were reopened on October 12 with the usual ceremony. The Judges attended service at Westminster Abbey. In the procession appears the Lord Chancellor, who has just returned from Canada. In front of him is borne the Great Seal.



A small floating-dock has been built for the accommodation of submarines under repair. It is moored in Haslar Creek, Southampton Water. The dock is built on the tank principle, and is submerged in order to receive the vessel. Thereafter it is raised by emptying the tanks.



THE PIANOLA PIANO

*is the only piano which contains
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THE METROSTYLE IS INDISPENSABLE TO THE CORRECT INTERPRETATION OF MUSIC.

- ¶ There is little satisfaction in owning a piano which only allows you to play the notes of a composition, but gives no idea either how to interpret the music or to impart to it meaning and interest. That is why when you buy a piano it should be the Pianola Piano, because it is the only one which contains the Metrostyle.
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IN ORDER to complete the policy of concentration which was one of the objects of their New Premises, Waring's are about to remove their Antique Furniture Business from the present Antique Galleries, 175-181 Oxford Street, to the New Galleries opposite, and they have decided to associate this removal with a


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
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ACROSS AFRICA BY MOTOR-CAR: A RIVAL TO THE PEKING-PARIS RACE.

DRAWING BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.

GETTING THE CAR OUT OF DIFFICULTY.



THE CAR AND ITS OUTFIT: A HALT IN A NATIVE VILLAGE.



TWO MEN PER TYRE: FORDING A RIVER WITH THE CAR AND ITS SPARE PARTS.

The interesting journey illustrated on this page is being attempted by Senior Lieutenant D. Gratz across Africa. He started from German East Africa, and is going straight across the country, regardless of roads. The larger rivers are crossed on a raft. The spare parts of the machine are carried across the fords by a small army of bearers.

IMPORTANT TO ALL !!!

'The Trident of Neptune is the Sceptre of the World.'

'Duty is the demand of the passing hour.'—Goethe.

Then 'Do that liest nearest thee, thy second duty will already have become clearer.'—Carlyle.

CIVILISATION OF THE WORLD.

THE COMMAND OF THE SEA AND BRITISH POLICY.

BRITAIN MUST EITHER LEAD THE WORLD, OR MUST UTTERLY PERISH AND DECAY AS A NATION.

THE COMMAND OF THE SEA AND BRITISH POLICY.

'An island,' he pointed out, 'required for its perfect defence the command of the sea. One of the consequences of the command of the sea was that the coasts of the world were peculiarly under the influence of the nation that held it. But though the power given by the command of the sea was so great, it was conditioned by a moral law. The world would not tolerate long any great power of influence that was not exercised for the general good. The British Empire could subsist only so long as it was a useful agent for the general benefit of humanity. That hitherto she had obeyed this law we might fairly claim. She had used her almost undisputed monopoly of the ocean to introduce law and civilisation all over the globe. She had destroyed piracy and the slave trade, and had opened to the trade of all nations every port on the globe except those that belonged to the Continental Powers. But all this led to the conclusion that Britain must either lead the world, or must utterly perish and decay as a nation.'

SPENCER WILKINSON'S Address at the ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTE.—*Spectator*.

'In life's play the player of the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient, but we also know to our cost that he never overlooks a mistake.'—HUXLEY.



Read Pamphlet given with each bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'.

WAR!!

Oh, world!
Oh, men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay as if death had but this one gate?—Byron.

THE COST OF WAR.

'Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud; I will build a school-house on every hillside and in every valley over the whole earth; I will build an academy in every town and endow it, a college in every State, and will fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference; and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven.'—RICHARD.

WHAT IS TEN THOUSAND TIMES MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?

'I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IS TEN TIMES and TEN THOUSAND TIMES MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR—OUTRAGED NATURE. SHE KILLS AND KILLS, and NEVER TIRED OF KILLING TILL SHE HAS TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON HE IS SO SLOW TO LEARN. THAT NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY OBEYING HER. . . . Man has his courtesies of war, he spares the woman and the child; but Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity; for some awful but most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Ah! would to God that some man had the picture eloquence to paint before the mothers of England the mass of PREVENTABLE SUFFERING—the mass of PREVENTABLE AGONY OF MIND and BODY—which exists in England!'—KINGSLEY.

CONQUEST!! EMPIRE!!! THE GREATEST OF ALL EARTHLY POSSESSIONS.

'HEALTH is the GREATEST of ALL POSSESSIONS: and 'tis a maxim with me that a HALE COBBLER is a BETTER MAN than a SICK KING.'—Dickens.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

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All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Gouty and Rheumatic Poisons, Boils, Sleeplessness, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections, and Fevers of all kinds.

MORAL FOR ALL—

"I need not be missed if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown."

He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done."

The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' on a Disordered, Sleepless, or Feverish Condition is simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

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LADIES' PAGE.

IT is a curious fact that the extremely few Members of Parliament who distinguished themselves by voting against the Second Reading of the Bill to restore to women the right of election to Local Boards were nearly all "sprigs of nobility." Of the whole House of Commons, only fifteen members voted against the Bill, and surely it is strange to find that one of them is the son of that clever and public-spirited lady, the Marchioness of Londonderry, and another of the valiant fifteen is the son-in-law of the Countess of Warwick. Lord Castlereagh is, further, particularly out of place in the list, because his grandmother, the late Dowager Lady Londonderry, a highly respected and capable person, took part in all the public life open to her in the Welsh district where the great property of which she was heiress is situated; she was for many years a churchwarden, and, I believe, she was Chairman of the District Council. Others amongst the fifteen remonstrants are the Hon. M. Hicks-Beach, Lord E. Talbot, Lord Winterton, Mr. Evelyn Cecil, Mr. G. A. Gibbs, and Sir Samuel Scott, the last-named also the son-in-law of a very able and public-spirited peeress—the late Lady Cadogan. The rush of the peeresses' relations to maintain the non-representation of women, even in local government, is a fact that "gives furiously to think"; amongst other points that it suggests is, what will the Lords do with a Women's Suffrage Bill when one is accepted by the Commons?

In newspaper after newspaper I read that we shall now be able to see how many women are willing to serve the public by noting the number who seek election on the County and Borough Councils, whereupon it is now apparently admitted without question that there is abundant work that specially requires women's services. There seems to be absolutely no understanding in the minds of the public, however, that the right to stand for election is still confined to a very limited class of women. Not only the vast majority of women are still excluded, but among those still ineligible are the whole class who would be, broadly speaking, precisely the most suitable to elect—married women. The opening words of the new Act of Parliament are entirely misleading. The statement is there made that "a woman shall not be disqualified by marriage for election." As a fact, nevertheless, married women are ineligible for election simply because they are such.

It is done in this way: only a person qualified to vote is eligible for election; certain Judges have decided that a married woman—even one who pays rates in her own name—is not qualified to vote, the pretext being that she is "under coverture"—quite hidden and extinguished by her husband's personality, just as the light that is set under the bushel of the parable; and, therefore, that simply because a woman is married, she must not exercise the vote for which she has every other qualification but celibacy. It follows that the



THE VOGUE OF STRIPES.

Striped tweed long coat and skirt, with vest and cuffs of plain cloth: edged and trimmed with black silk braid, and heavily braided on the revers and cuffs.

only women who may stand for election to the County and Borough Councils under the newly passed law are either single or widowed women living in houses of which they pay the rates in their own name—a very limited class. To be quite accurate, it should here be mentioned that this does not apply to the Metropolis; the London Government Act specifically gives married women who pay rates in their own name the right to be placed on the electoral roll. Such a limitation of the number of women eligible to give their services, and such a deliberate exclusion of wives, the class that, speaking generally, knows most of the world and mankind, and is at the age most suitable for active life—many of the widows being quite old, of course—obviously so contracts the circle of women who can possibly offer themselves for election that no just view will be given of the number who would serve, or of the capacity with which women would do so, if this absurd lawyers' theory of a married woman being "under coverture" were, as from all points of view it should be, abolished.

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, as a great authority has told us, but there is a certain standard in most minds to which all claimants are submitted. An amusing opportunity of testing the average view upon this thrilling subject is now being afforded by the manufacturers of the celebrated Erasmic Soap—the Erasmic Company, Warrington, from whom, direct by letter (marked "Competition"), or from almost any chemist in your own locality, the full particulars may be obtained. A series of portraits of pretty girls given with the paper of particulars is in itself worth writing for; but the fun of joining in the competition, and taking on oneself for the nonce the judgment of Paris, is enhanced by a most generous offer of money prizes. So now, send off at once to your own chemist or grocer, or write to Warrington, for particulars of "Erasmic Soap Beauty Competition," and you will reap the benefit.

Messrs. Hampton, Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), have a quite exceptionally beautiful stock of furnishing goods; and if the would-be purchaser is not able to visit the galleries in person, there is a whole series of exquisite catalogues to be had, covering any required department. The latest addition to these is a booklet entitled "Furnishing Schemes of Refinement and Character." Several pages are occupied by coloured illustrations of the rooms in a "specimen house." There is a delightful old-world charm about this "scheme," which is described as in "the Colonial Adam style"; it carries a delicate reminiscence of Jane Austen's novels, the days of peace and sensitive refinement, before motor-cars; and the whole pleasant and artistic house, chimney-pieces and wall-decorations included, as well as furniture, carpets, and hangings, can be had for only £250! Illustrations of Jacobean oak, Queen Anne and Chippendale mahogany, and other furnishings complete the book, which can be had free by post.—FILOMENA.



What a Famous Frenchman Saw.

In 1784, M. B. FAUJUS DE SAINT FOND, in his work, "A Journey through England and Scotland to the Hebrides," gave a graphic description of CARRON Iron-works, where "At night everything was resplendent from the fires, while so many sheaves of flame darted to a great height above the high furnaces," that he doubted whether he was not "at the foot of a volcano in eruption," or whether he had not been "transported by some magic spell to the brink of the cavern where Vulcan and his Cyclops were forging thunderbolts." But what would the famous Frenchman have said had he lived to visit CARRON to-day? He would have seen a

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Stoves, Ranges, Baths, Fire Grates, Mantels, Cooking Apparatus (for Coal, Gas, Steam or Electricity), Stable Fittings, Garden Furnishings, &c.

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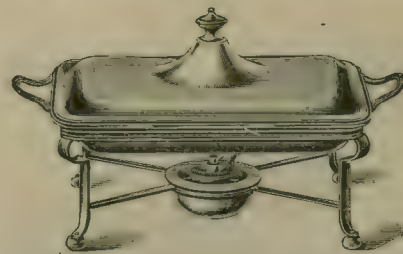


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AS PURCHASED BY ROYALTY AND THE GREATEST MUSICIANS.

THE MELODANT How to make the performance of a musical work worthy of the inspired conception of its creator and equal to that of our great interpretative artists has been the problem which finds its complete solution in the ANGELUS with the MELODANT. The MELODANT makes the melody or "air" predominate over the accompaniment, and each note in the central or inspired part of the composition is given its proper value even when such note or notes occur in the midst of a full chord. This is accomplished by extra marginal perforations in the specially prepared Melodant music-rolls, which act upon the internal working of the Angelus.

The Original invention, imitated but never equalled, the Angelus Pneumatic Piano-Player has been continuously developed by its originators. It is peculiarly fitting, therefore, that their accomplishment should now be crowned by the creation of the MELODANT.

The Phrasing Lever "The Heart of the Angelus," as it has been well called, puts life and vitality into the music the ANGELUS plays, reflecting the greatest depths of artistic feeling, or the lightest passing fancy of the player, making the ANGELUS human under his touch.

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unique combination of Two World-renowned Instruments. The established reputation and high standard of the ANGELUS Player and BRINSMEAD Piano ensure pre-eminent artistic qualities of tone, expression, and the perfection of touch and repetition, also the maximum of reliability and durability. The ANGELUS is also embodied in Pianos by several other eminent makers.

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50 PRIZES £1 each. 100 PRIZES 10s. each.

£250 is well worth winning; you could do a lot with such a useful sum. The competition is quite simple, and everybody has an equal chance of securing one of the numerous cash awards, as success does not in any way depend upon the personal beauty of the competitor. In connection with the competition, we shall forward to every entrant a Handsome Art Sheet containing reproductions from photographs of 12 popular and representative types of British Beauty.

The conditions are perfectly simple, and the competition will be found of exceptional interest to both sexes of all ages. **APPLY TO-DAY** for full details and particulars, and enter at once for this unique competition. Forms of entry, &c., may be obtained either from your local chemist or direct from

THE ERASMIC CO., Ltd., Competition Dept. 175, Warrington.

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PATENT SPIRAL PUTTEES



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BOOK NOTES.

MR. Werner Laurie has issued a sumptuous volume on the "Cathedrals and Churches of Northern Italy," by Mr. T. Francis Bumpus. The book, which is beautifully illustrated, gives an exhaustive historical and architectural account of ecclesiastical buildings in Northern Italy. There is an introductory sketch of Italian church architecture, a list of remarkable pictures, and a bibliography. As a work of reference the book is invaluable.

Mr. John Murray is issuing an admirable series of reprints at half-a-crown each. Of these, we have to acknowledge the receipt of "Lavengro," "The Bible in Spain," St. John's "Wild Sports of the Highlands," Gleig's "Life of Clive," and "The Battle of Waterloo." The editions are enriched with many interesting illustrations and useful bibliographic notes. The "Lavengro" is particularly valuable. It contains an admirable portrait of Borrow from the painting in Mr. Murray's possession, a facsimile of the original title-page, and some suppressed episodes now issued for the first time.

Scotland has perhaps changed more completely during the last two centuries than either of the sister kingdoms, yet since most histories of the country end at the '45, it is not easy to trace the national development. Miss Stirling in her "Sketch of Scottish Industrial and Social History in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries" (Blackie) has produced a sound little book, packed with useful information, yet far from dull. She does not profess any acquaintance with Sir Henry Craik's "Century of Scottish History," which covers much of her ground, but expresses due acknowledgments to the late Mr. Gray Graham's admirable book on the eighteenth century. The gradual improvements in farming, the making of canals, the growth of Glasgow, the Industrial Revolution and its consequences, are clearly described, but the book is weak on its political side, though Church history is given its due place. A century and a half ago the Highlands and Lowlands were really separate countries, and Miss Stirling hardly explains how they have to a

great extent become one. Nor does she touch sufficiently on the Radical movement at the beginning of the last century, nor even mention the fact that, under Pitt, Dundas was practically Dictator of Scotland. Lord Bute, the first Scottish Prime Minister, is altogether ignored, and Miss Stirling is blind and deaf to the long list of distinguished Scots soldiers, sailors, and administrators. Her object was "to omit no mention, however brief, of any Scottish person, or event of first

we seek vainly in the index for Robertson, Dugald Stewart, Reid, Hutcheson, Galt, Miss Ferrier, Hogg, Lockhart, "Christopher North," and Macaulay. Edward Irving should have been given his place in religious history. The progress of the Universities is quite neglected: Edinburgh and Glasgow are casually mentioned, Aberdeen and St. Andrews ignored. On commerce, invention, and industry the book is very good, and we trust that in a second edition a more comprehensive view of the national life will be taken.



LUXURIOUS TRAVEL: A NEW DEPARTURE IN SALOONS.

The new saloon carriages just placed on the line by the London and South Western Railway Company for the conveyance of invalids and family parties, are unique in their construction. The interior has been designed with a view to giving a light, roomy effect. Where possible, polished woodwork takes the place of padding and upholstery, and everything likely to harbour dust and dirt has been eliminated, without detracting from its cosiness and pleasing appearance. The vehicles have a main saloon, also separate first-class and attendants' compartments, together with a lavatory and a compartment for luggage, all having access to the main saloon.

importance, whether in literature, art, manufacture, or commerce," during her period, from which sentence we may perhaps infer that arms and politics seem to her unworthy of notice. Yet she sometimes follows Scots beyond the seas. She speaks of Livingstone and Moffat, yet ignores their predecessors in African exploration, Bruce and Mungo Park. As for literature,

with sympathy. We say a natural instinct, because many of Leschetizky's pupils deal in fashion that is almost aggressive with some of the masterpieces they interpret. If Miss Hope will bear the natural limitations of the piano well in mind she should become quite a successful recruit to the rather swollen ranks of professional pianists.

Last week thirteen of our photographs of Bishops' palaces should have been acknowledged to Messrs. Frith and the View and Portrait Supply Company.

The barrier of cost has prevented many lovers of old furniture from indulging their taste and surrounding themselves with the interest and charm of bygone days. To such the news that Messrs. Waring are about to clear off a large part of their valuable collection of antiques at far less than their market value will come as a welcome opportunity. This clearance, which commences Monday, Oct. 21, is necessitated by the removal of the Waring Antique Department from 175-181, Oxford Street, to the new building opposite, in pursuance of the company's policy of bringing the whole of its London business under one roof. The beautiful decoration of the Queen's Theatre, opened last week, has been carried out by Waring's, whose fame as theatre-decorators is unique.

A young pianist—Miss Rita Hope—made her first appearance on Saturday last, and gave an interesting recital at the Bechstein Hall. Miss Hope is a pupil of Leschetizky. Like all pupils of the famous teacher, she has great technical proficiency, and, better still, she seems to possess a natural instinct for handling music

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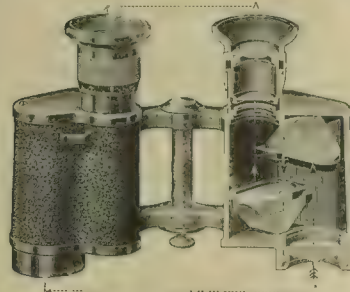
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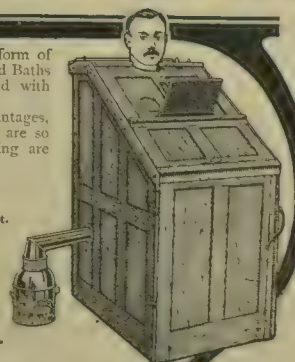
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

I TRUST that before these words see the light all arrangements for the great £5000 per side matches between Mr. S. F. Edge and Mr. Huntly Walker will be complete, and the money lodged with the Brooklands track authorities. The public are quite with the Napier representative, in endeavouring to pin his opponent down to some rigid definition of the cars to be used for both sprint and long-distance races. Grand Prix conditions of 1906 or 1907, Kaiserpreis conditions, Ostend Conference limitations, all would serve in their turn, and entail equality of chances. But the suggestion that conditions should be waived, and that each competitor should enter the field with any size or power of car he chooses, is, I think, likely to render the whole thing ridiculous. There is a certain 200-h.p. eight-cylinder car, which may or may not be at the disposal of one of the gentlemen concerned, that would entail the building of another car solely on the ground of

The reliability trial called the Coupe des Voiturettes, intended, as its name implies, for the testing of small cars, is being pushed through with great energy on the other side of the Channel. And our French friends are wise in looking ahead. Signs there are on every hand, both in this country and in France, that the market for the big, expensive car is closing up, and that if makers want to keep their works running they have got to build cars for the multitude. It is no less curious than true that in nine cases out of ten, firms have embarked in the motor-car trade originally as small car builders, but year by year they have increased both the power and the price of their output. Now the end of the channel for such productions is in view, and they have got to return to the small, low-priced car. France sees this, and seeks

to awake interest in the voiturette by this event of the Coupe des Voiturettes. How long are we to wait before we follow suit?

Every person who does not own a motor-car appears to be quite indecently anxious that crushing imposts should be heaped upon the heads of those who are more

enjoy highways, which have cost the whole nation millions of money, as safe arenas for hop-scotch and prisoners' base. Not for one moment do they consider the capital already so largely invested in a new industry, or the thousands upon thousands of workers kept in good employment and earning good wages in the manufacture of motor-cars and their accessories. All that is nothing to such selfish folk, who would, like Nero, fiddle while Rome burnt, or, rather, crush paying industries in order that miles upon miles of desolate country roads might be preserved to them for week-end promenades.

Motorists throughout the country will range themselves upon the side of such tribunals as the Kingston Bench, if such Benches would deal with all motor cases brought before them as did the Kingston-on-Thames magistrates with a case brought against a Mr. Drabble by the too too active Inspector Marks. Mr. Drabble occasionally drives a racing-car on the Brooklands track, and passes through Hershon on his way from and to London. Only the other day Marks waited for this gentleman in a narrow and twisting part of the road, and, as the evidence most clearly showed, held up the motorist the moment he came into view round a bend, insisting that he was driving to the public danger. As luck would have it, up to that very moment Drabble had been driving right behind a walking cart, and the carter was sportsman enough to come forward and say so. Under severe cross-examination by Mr. Staplee Firth, the policeman's evidence was shown to be worthless, and the Bench, intimating that they were very dissatisfied with it, dismissed the summons. Now if the Kingston or any other Bench will act in this way in all cases of trumped-up evidence, motorists will take their just decisions sitting down.



Photo, Foultham and Bawfield.

MR. AND MRS. SEYMOUR HICKS AND MISS BETTY HICKS ON THEIR NEW FIAT CAR.

The accompanying photograph shows a 30-40-h.p. Fiat, with an exceptionally handsome Limousine body, which has recently been supplied by Fiat Motors, Ltd., to Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks. Mrs. Hicks is, of course, better known as Miss Ellaline Terriss; and, as she says in her latest part, Peggy Qualiton, in "The Gay Gordons" at the Aldwych Theatre, "Everybody's fond of me in London." The new car replaces a 20-h.p. model of the same make, which was purchased three years ago, and Mr. and Mrs. Hicks, (not to mention their little daughter, Miss Betty Hicks) are delighted with it.

progressive or better favoured by fortune. Indeed, some bat-blind folks even clamour that the motor-car should be taxed out of existence, because the roads are at times dusty, or their children may not

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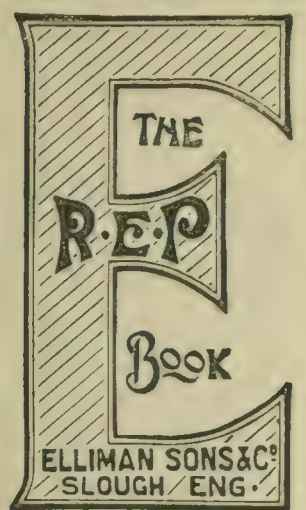
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NOVEL NOTES.

"THE Younger Set" (Constable) pillories the New York smart set—the "Yellow Set" as they appear to be called over there. Mr. R. W. Chambers describes them, with a fiery pen, as just as selfish, as frivolous, as fundamentally worthless as their counterparts in our older world. It is tempting, of course, to come down heavily upon the idle rich, if only because it is easier than to dwell upon the humdrum virtues of inconspicuous good people. The wicked worldly ones are well trounced here, and with their indictment goes a revelation of the workings of the lax American divorce laws, which is as curious as it is instructive. The worthy hero is, however, like his immortal prototype Major Dobbin, but a dull dog. His blanceless love-affair with Eileen was conducted with such extreme delicacy that

it is difficult to know which party really did do the wooing; and his perorations, as when he threatens Ruthven with the "unwritten law" in admirably turned periods, are much too eloquent to be life-like. Mr. Neergard, pushing his perspiring countenance into the inner ring of fashion, only to discover that to be in it is not to be of it, is a more human, if a less heroic figure.

Under the title of "The Santuario of the Madonna di Vico," Signor Melano Rossi has written, and Macmillans have published, an attractive but ponderous volume, dealing with the



A COLONIAL RIFLE TROPHY.

The executive committee of the Cape Colony National Rifle Association are to be congratulated on the very handsome challenge trophy which they offered at their annual prize meeting, commencing on the 14th inst., for competition between the South African Colonies. It takes the form of a massive sterling silver shield, mounted upon a polished oak back shaped in sympathy, the whole standing about 4 feet high. The members of the winning teams are each to be presented with replicas of the trophy, which are also of sterling silver. The trophy does great credit to Messrs. Mappin and Webb, by whom it was designed and executed.

Pantheon of Charles Emanuel I. of Savoy, which stands in a mountain valley of Piedmont, rather beyond the reach of the ubiquitous tourist. It should be remarked that this "Santuario" of the Madonna di Vico, Pantheon of Charles Emanuel I. of Savoy, was placed under the protection of the State as a national monument more than a quarter of a century ago, and that restoration work has been making slow but steady progress since then. The intention of the author is excellent, the scholarship is sound, the list of authorities most imposing, and the history of Monte Vico, now known as Mondovì, is set out in fashion that leaves no doubt about the rank that the city holds in

Piedmont's history and the author's regard; but at the same time one cannot help feeling that the treatment is a little too exhausting for the subject. Everything that is relevant might have been said in a hundred pages; in fact, a skilled writer, to whom relevance is of the first importance, would have been satisfied with half that allowance. Perhaps Signor Rossi wished to make a volume that should be worthy of the head of the House of Savoy, King Victor Emanuel III., to whom he has dedicated his work. But even then, a considerable amount of sub-editing might prove as satisfactory to the busy ruler of a great nation as it would to the modest reviewer of books. Certainly the country round Mondovì is very beautiful, the history of the Santuario is full of interest, but in dealing with the architecture, the frescoes, and the sculpture, the author has allowed his pen too large a measure of liberty. He is so anxious to leave nothing unseen that, before he has finished, the trees obscure the wood. The memorandum and data at the end of the book, dealing briefly and concisely with some of the things that matter and a great many that do not, will save the reader who is not expecting to live longer than most of his fellow creatures a great deal of time. For the rest, one can speak of the illustrations in terms of highest praise, and confess that few buildings, whatever their interest, can hope to find a more patient and painstaking chronicler.



THE ALL-ENGLAND LAWN TENNIS CLUB, THE PRINCE OF WALES'S GIFT.

It will be remembered that during the current year's championship meeting, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales honoured the Club's ground with their presence. As an outcome of that visit, his Royal Highness has, as is now known, graciously consented to become President of the Club, and has further signified his interest in the game by the presentation to the club of a silver challenge cup, with the following inscription recorded thereon: "Presented by George, Prince of Wales, to the All-England Lawn Tennis Club, to be held for the year by the winner of the All-Comers' Singles (Championship of the World)."



A MOTOR-BOAT TROPHY.

At the Essex motor-boat races, held on Saturday last at Southend-on-Sea, the "Daily Telegraph" presented a very handsome silver cup, the order for which was entrusted to Messrs. J. W. Benson, Ltd., of 62 and 64, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. The cup, which stands, with its plinth, fifteen inches high, bears the following inscription: "Essex Motor-Boat Club Aggregate Prize, presented by the proprietors of the 'Daily Telegraph,' October, 1907."

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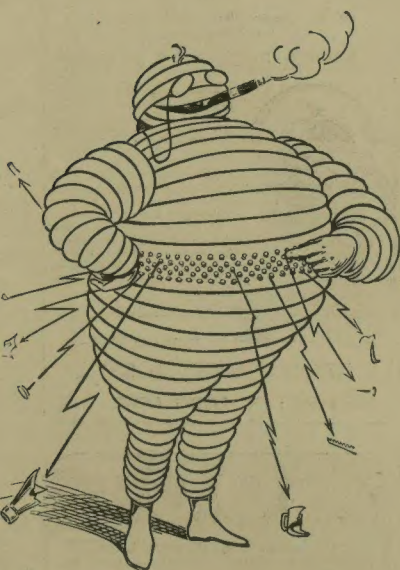
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated June 10, 1901) of MR. GEORGE LITTLETON DEWHURST, of Blakemere, Sandiway, Chester, and Aberchill Castle, Perthshire, High Sheriff of Cheshire last year, who died on July 26, was proved on Oct. 3 by Mrs. Annie Maude Dewhurst, the widow, and William Gerard Finch, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £311,292. The testator gives to his wife £1000, furniture of the value of £600, and an annuity of £400; to his daughter, Margaret Eva, £500 and an annuity of £400; to each of his sisters—Frances Eva, Ethel Ada, and Harriet £500; and to W. G. Finch £250. He also gives 2000 shares in G. and R. Dewhurst, Limited, in trust, for his wife for life, and then for his children; 2000 shares, in trust, for his daughter, Margaret Eva; and 2000 shares, in trust, for his children, except George and Margaret. The advowson of St. Peter's Church, Oughtlington, and the residue of what he may die possessed of, he leaves to his son, George Charnley Littleton, absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1906) of MR. JOHN MOSTYN-PRITCHARD, of 29, Queen's Gate, and the Stock Exchange, who died on July 31, was proved on Sept. 25 by Owen Mostyn-Pritchard, the sons, the value of the property amounting to £179,500. The testator gives the household effects, and the income from one third of his estate, to his wife while she remains his widow. Subject thereto, everything he may die possessed of is to be divided between his two sons.

The will (dated Feb. 2, 1906) of FRIEDRICH CHRISTIAN KARL FLEISCHMANN, of 6, Collingham Gardens, and 34, Fenchurch Street, who died on May 16, was proved on Sept 30 by Mrs. Eliza Ann Fleischmann, the widow, Friedrich Noel Ashcroft Fleischmann, the son, Edward George Coles, and Robert Bertie Lemon,

the value of the estate being £413,403. The testator gives £23,500 and the household and personal effects to his wife; £10,000 each to his sons Noel and Oscar; £500 to William Ashcroft; £250 each to E. G. Coles and R. B. Lemon; £1000 to his niece, Lillie Seiler; and £500 each to his nephews Friedrich Strack, August Fleischmann, and Auguste Georgi. Three fifths of the

Lewis Thomas Helder, the value of the property amounting to £176,012. The testator leaves everything he shall die possessed of, in trust, for his sister for life, and then for his nephews William Fletcher and John Fletcher Mossop and their children.

The will (dated Feb. 18, 1902) of SIR ALFRED BILLSON, M.P., a proprietor and director of the *Liverpool Daily Post, Echo, and Mercury*, Limited, who died on Oct. 1, has been proved by Dame Lila Billson, the widow, Edgar Leicester Billson, the son, and Mabel Billson, the daughter, the value of the estate being £75,738. Sir Alfred gives £200, the household and personal effects, and £2000 a year to his wife; his management share and £5000 ordinary shares in the *Liverpool Daily Post, Echo, and Mercury*, Limited, to his son Edgar, he to bring the value thereof into account as part of his share in the residue; £100 to his brother Henry; and £100 to his sister Elizabeth. All other his estate and effects he leaves to his children.

The will (dated March 19, 1903), with a codicil, of MR. JAMES STEPHEN WALMSLEY SHAW, of Brookland House, Sandringham Road, Tuebrook, Liverpool, whose death took place on Aug. 1, has been proved by his three sons, the value of the estate being sworn at £144,462. The testator gives to his wife £200, and during her widowhood the use of his property in Sandringham Road and £800 a year, or an annuity of £200 should she again marry. Subject thereto the whole of his property is to be divided amongst his children.

The following important wills have now been proved—Mr. Walter Brock, of Dumbarton, shipbuilder £168,504 Mr. James Burnley, Bramhope Hall, Yorkshire £145,268 Mrs. Elizabeth Mason, Highland Gardens, St. Leonards £112,341 Mr. Charles Barton, Fyfield, Gloucester £51,474



"A COMPANY OF ANGELS": A CAMERA PICTURE FROM THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

residue is to be held in trust to pay the income thereof to his wife while she remains his widow, or one third thereof should she again marry, and, subject thereto, the whole thereof is to go to his two sons.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1896) of MR. ISAAC FLETCHER, of High House, Frizington, Cumberland, iron ore master, who died on Aug. 13, was proved on Oct. 1 by Mrs. Elizabeth Higgins, the sister, and

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Few secrets are better worth knowing than the secret of a clear, healthy, and beautiful skin, free from spot, blemish, redness, or roughness, or anything that mars its tint or texture. There are two things that must never be forgotten by those who take a pride in their appearance. The first is the importance of giving proper attention to the skin, and the mirror should be consulted daily as to the condition of your skin health. The second point to which heed should be given is the paramount importance of immediate steps being taken if even the slightest signs of ill-health of the skin make themselves apparent. However apparently unimportant these may be, a few days' neglect may mean months of discomfort, and even permanent disfigurement.

Let us ask why there are blemishes upon the skin, not only on the face, neck, or hands, but on the back, chest, or limbs. Nature, by such symptoms, is warning you and telling you in unmistakable terms, "Your skin is unhealthy, and until it is restored to health it cannot be beautiful as it should be." Skin troubles are always

Evidence of Skin Illness,

and you should heed the warning Nature gives. If you ignore Nature's warning and allow your skin to become gradually more and more unhealthy, and eventually you have eczema in a severe form, you will have the unpleasant reflection that the real cause is your own negligence. Surely, however, this is unwise, when in "Antexema" you have a perfect remedy for every variety of skin trouble.

None but those who have suffered from severe forms of skin trouble can imagine the misery such affections cause. Not only is there intense burning, maddening pain, so great as in many instances to prevent restful sleep, but the disfigurement, if the trouble occurs on face, hands, or neck, makes the sufferer wretched, because he knows that everyone he meets observes his condition. Even if you suffer from eczema in its very worst form, "Antexema" will cure you, as it has cured countless others, many of whom had suffered genuine torture for years. Possibly doctors have failed, and all other so-called remedies have proved useless, but "Antexema" never disappoints.

That "Antexema" cures every form of skin trouble is as certain as the multiplication table, and is attested by an

overwhelming mass of evidence, which is added to every week. "Antexema" is not a greasy ointment, but a liquid, and as soon as it is applied to the affected spot it is absorbed, and forms an artificial and invisible protective covering over it. Under this healing and protective covering a new and healthy skin is able to form, and the wonderful curative virtues of "Antexema" have free play. Another point to remember is that "Antexema" possesses remarkable antiseptic and germicidal powers. It is a well-known fact that if the skin is broken the germs of blood poisoning, disease, and lock-jaw enter the system through the affected part. "Antexema," on the contrary, kills any germs that may have got in, and completely prevents the entrance of any more. That is why "Antexema" should be applied immediately to cuts, scratches, chafed, or any raw surface of the skin.

Have you any Skin Trouble?

Please understand the question. You are not simply asked whether you have any serious trouble such as eczema, psoriasis, shingles, erysipelas, or anything of that kind. If you have, you can surely accept the testimony of thousands of people, whose letters you can see, that "Antexema" cured them, and they prove that it will cure you. Suppose, however, you are merely suffering from blackheads, roughness of the skin, a burn, scald, bruise, or blister, cracked lips, or any other slight skin ailment, "Antexema" will soon correct what is wrong. No fact is more certain.

Accept this Offer Now.

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists, and Stores at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or may be obtained direct, post free, in plain wrapper for 1s. 3d. or 2s. 9d. "Antexema" can be obtained of Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, India, and all British Dominions. As a special inducement to you to try it and be convinced of its merits, a Free Trial of "Antexema," and of "Antexema Granules," will be forwarded, if you will write mentioning *The Illustrated London News*, and enclosing three stamps for a copy of a most interesting family handbook, "Skin Troubles." All letters should be sent to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.



All nurses know the wonder-working powers of "Antexema" in cases of facial eczema and skin troubles generally.



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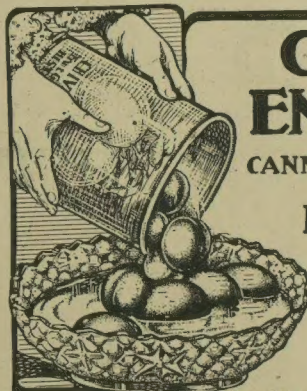
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